

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

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THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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SOLDIERS' HEADGEAR.

FOUR men killed and more than forty "put out of action" is a heavy list of casualties for a field day at Aldershot. It is quite possible that a supplementary list may show that the seriously injured were less than is stated; but there can be no question that the disablement of so many zealous soldiers is, as Mr. Wyndham admitted, a very regrettable incident. It is scarcely fair to blame the commanding officers for not postponing the march. To do so is contrary to a very proper military instinct. The unquestioning and punctual performance of movements of any kind and persistence in carrying out plans at any sacrifice is an elementary duty in war. In this case, as the manœuvres were not real war, they would have been justified in agreeing to alter the order of the day. But when there is a conflict of duties, at a time when public opinion and Service opinion is very much by way of thinking that military training must be actual, mistakes due to excess of zeal are not improbable. The men, too, were reluctant to give up, and eager to show that they could stand as much as, or more than, those in other regiments. The failure of the commissariat, which left the men to face the heat with empty stomachs, was inexcusable. But we hope that, after dealing with the persons responsible for that,

the authorities will go on to consider the main cause of the mischief, which is the unsuitable headgear worn by our soldiers. The covering in question was what is called the "service cap," a rather neat and clever, as well as smart, forage cap, shaped like an inverted boat, and designed, by loosing a button in front, to be drawn down over the neck and ears and rebuttressed under the chin. It is a useful cap on an autumn or winter day, but gives no protection against sun either to the sides or back of the head. Since the Army manœuvres two years ago, when the northern army wore these caps, to distinguish the men from those of the southern army, who wore helmets, it has been usual to order one of the sides in the field manœuvres to wear this cap. Hence the mischief last week at Aldershot.

Is the helmet, the regulation wear for European service, much better? and, if it is better, how far does it fall short of a good, comfortable, and useful headgear for the soldier? No one who has worn the helmet has a good word to say for it. It keeps the sun off, and the rain. But it is heavy, and uncomfortable. The shako, generally worn until the helmet was adopted in deference to German ideas, was far more comfortable. It did not feel heavy, though it was fairly solid. The reason of this is that the shako came down on to the side of the head vertically, like a cylinder. The helmet does not. It is really a cone, which tends as it settles down on the head by its own weight to compress the skull, and the skin and veins over it. If the skull were a soft object it would gradually squeeze upwards and inwards till it took the shape of the helmet cone. That is why men who have been marching in a helmet all day say they feel "light-headed." The conical squeeze causes congestion. The cylinder-shaped shako remained *in situ*, except that it sometimes slipped down to the ears of the wearer, and was no lighter at the end of the day. At night the helmet makes a bad pillow. The shako made not only a hat but a bolster, and many a tired soldier has laid his head to rest upon it. The Indian sun-helmet which our men are wearing in a modified form in South Africa does keep off the sun. It is also very fairly light. For marching it is good headgear, and it does not blow off in a wind. It looks smart, and if there had been no Boer war it might have been retained for service in hot countries. But in this war we have learnt that the fighting will be done mainly in the horizontal position. "Upon thy belly shalt thou go" has been the hard unpleasant rule in the firing line. The helmet is made for people who walk upright, not for people who creep like lizards. The parts exposed to the sun are then the back of the skull and the nape of the neck. If the "Tommy" lying behind a stone looks for a minute at the lizard basking itself in the sun by his side, he will see that the lizard wears his headgear, which consists of flat horn plates, on the back of his neck, or rather that both head and neck, which the sun falls on as he lies, are at the same angle. As we cannot hope to alter the shape of the soldiers' heads, we must alter their hats. At present, when lying down, the men push their helmets on to the back of their heads, which they cover but do not fit, and over which they stick up like a nice little target a few inches high, to draw attention to the head below. If the men are to lie down in the sun for hours, and also march in it, they must have not a hard helmet, but a soft hat, and one which will not get out of shape and stick on. It must have a brim to shade the eyes and face and neck. As the sizes and shapes of hats are limited, and nothing else in the inventions of all time seems to offer the required conditions, the wideawake, or slouch hat, as worn by the Colonials and Imperial Volunteers, seems to be the article indicated.

Nothing causes so much just irritation as dogmatising about dress; and if there is one article of dress as to which people are more justly sensitive and more furiously resentful than another, it is this one matter of headgear. But remembering the flood of ridicule poured on the late Prince Consort when he very sensibly tried to get out a design for a soldier's hat more comfortable and giving more protection for the neck than the shako, and notwithstanding all the caricatures in *Punch* and other witticisms of that day, we venture to ask whether the soft felt hat has not, on the whole, been the most favoured headgear worn by the manly nations, and by soldiers when they wanted protection against hot weather and ordinary cold weather, and not against swords or bullets? The small three-cornered cocked hat worn by the officers and soldiers of Frederick the Great were only slouch felt hats looped up. William of Orange wore a helmet and a breastplate in his pictures, but we much doubt if he did not wear the felt hat at Steinkirk. Marlborough and his soldiers wore the felt cocked hat; and though the Ironsides wore what Cromwell called "pots" (iron skull caps), many of the infantry wore wideawakes. A soft felt hat has been the wear of the Italian peasants for centuries, and the first truly national army, that raised by Garibaldi, wore the national broad-brimmed felt hat. The Carlists in Spain wore Basque bonnets, which are also made of felt. When Victor Emmanuel wished to raise a crack corps of sharpshooters for his regular army he gave his Bersaglieri felt hats and a plume of cock's feathers. The colonials all wear them, so did a great part of the United States' army when in

Cuba. Probably they would not be sufficient protection in an Indian campaign, where something thick as well as light is wanted. But for ordinary hot weather campaigning the felt hat seems indicated by the practical custom of daily life. Perhaps it is not smart, but smartness is largely a matter of association. Baden-Powell wears a wideawake. Judging by the number of buttons containing his portrait sold, the hat and the face under it are considered the smartest in the Empire.



EVERYBODY expected serious trouble in China, but it may very safely be said that nobody foresaw that the trouble would assume the particular shape which now belongs to it. That the Dowager-Empress would back the "Boxers"—in fact, that she had been backing them for some time—was well known. But nobody anticipated that the Chinese forts would have the unheard-of audacity to open fire upon a united fleet, consisting of some thirty ships of war. China, in fact, has declared against civilisation, and it is not a little interesting that the Japanese are now on the side of civilisation.

In the meanwhile, there is naturally the very greatest anxiety concerning the fate of Europeans at Peking and elsewhere, anxiety so great, indeed, that for the moment International jealousies have been laid aside, and the Russians, who are stated with very little evidence to be egging on the Empress, have been marching side by side with Germans and English, and all the rest of them. The situation, indeed, of the Europeans cannot really be contemplated without grave alarm, for the Chinese, albeit poor fighters, are distinctly the most cruel people in the world. Meanwhile, the minor officials of the Foreign Office are unmoved. A correspondent of the *Daily News* went to make enquiries on Monday afternoon. A messenger was the highest official on view. Information, he learned, might be given out between four and five in the afternoon, or even as late as seven o'clock; but after that impatient folks must wait till the next morning. As the *Daily News* observes, "Even the much-abused War Office does better than this."

The news from South Africa at the moment of writing is of the most tranquil description. In fact, it consists solely of the fact that Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell has arrived at Pretoria, where he has no doubt been cordially welcomed by Lord Roberts. Meanwhile, we do not catch as many of the enemy as might be desired, and we do not capture their guns. On the other hand, there seem to have been very few occasions of late on which the Boers have used their guns with effect, or at all. The inference to be drawn from this is either that they make off with their guns at the earliest possible moment, or that—as has often been suspected—they have not really been able to carry their guns away with them always, but have buried them, or possibly sunk them in rivers. In our judgment there is no need whatever to be distressed if matters move slowly in South Africa for some time. Time has always been on our side. But time is more distinctly on our side now than it was before we secured the gold mines from which Mr. Kruger drew his money and the factories at which the Boer ammunition was made.

Captain the Honourable Hedworth Lambton has certainly the knack of saying happy things. The words in which he replied to the Queen's appreciation of the services of the Naval Brigade will live in history; for they are the absolute embodiment of the strength and the modesty of the naval spirit. Then, in addressing the Anglo-African writers this week, he said two happy things. The first of them was this: "People who have not the advantage of knowing the English language cannot really know what liberty means. Other nations may prattle about liberty, but England and America are the only countries that practise it." Substantially this is true; but after all there is an exception which proves the rule. And the exception,

oddly enough, is Dutch. In Holland there is real freedom, and the Dutch government is as democratic in the best sense of the word as that of the Transvaal was oligarchical in the very worst sense of the word. However, it may be well to add that Captain Lambton has one justification, even in the case of Holland, for an extraordinarily large number of Dutchmen can talk English quite well. There was another little sentence in his speech well worthy of attention: "I should like to mention one other thing—that is the lack of bitterness on the part of the British troops. They regarded the war more as a game of football than anything else. Possibly, when the war is at an end, that fact may help very much to destroy such bitterness as may exist elsewhere." This is exactly the old spirit in which schoolboys who have had a fight and have fought it out shake hands and become the best of friends. But whether the average Boer after he has been compelled to take his thrashing will act up to this spirit is, perhaps, open to question.

It is so easy to find fault. Men ought not to be marched to death under a broiling sun on a field day at Aldershot (that is not the way to make the Army popular with the recruit); the garrison at Kumasi (it used to be Coomassie in the last Ashantee War) ought not to have been left without adequate ammunition; the Mayor of Ladysmith ought not to have been asked to pay out of his own pocket for supplying the town with such necessities as it was possible to procure; but still there is something to be said on the other side. At the moment we are engaged in work of exceptional difficulty and stress in four widely-divided parts of our big Empire—in South Africa, in Ashantee, in China, and in the famine-stricken parts of India. No matter what mistakes have been made, and are made, we are coping with all these problems without any failure of resource, without any feeling that resources are seriously strained. It is easier to find fault than to appreciate. We do not wish to claim for ourselves a national perfection, but in spite of our mistakes we do claim that no other nation could have met such and so many troubles so well. It is this that we would have the self-deprecator, who is so frequent amongst us, remember. Nor in a country that was not Anglo-Saxon would national mistakes have been brought into such prominence, for Anglo-Saxon countries alone have the privilege of a free press.

Certainly it would not be true, and certainly it would not be wise, to say that the present war is teaching us that the discipline of an army is a valueless quality; but it is teaching us that, granted certain conditions, there are times at which it can be usefully relaxed. There is not the slightest doubt that the capacity of a Boer commando for melting away and disappearing like smoke from the midst of a force that appears to be encircling it is due very largely to the circumstance that its members act on their individual initiative. But in order that this should be of use it must be granted that the country is fairly familiar to them, so that they are able to come to a rendezvous and reform when they are beyond the encircling meshes. It is the counsel of *saave qui peut* prudently acted upon before it has become a counsel of sheer despair. It is a counsel eminently adapted to the nature of the country in which we have so often tried in vain to entrap the Boers.

Whether or no it be a direct or indirect effect of the war is perhaps hard to say, but there is no doubt of the fact that while small shootings and fishings on yearly lease have been well taken up this year, the bigger places in many cases have been left severely alone. The war has taken many shooters and fishers away, and when they may return it is still hard to foresee. Moreover, it has made many unusual calls on the incomes of those who remain at home. This, perhaps, is the reason of the run on the smaller and neglect of the bigger places. So far as one can estimate the chances of sport, they are fairly good. The grouse on the higher moors may have suffered from the late snow, but the accounts of the deer are better than we could fairly expect after so cold a spring, by which the pasture was kept backward, and the snow, by feeding up the springs, certainly gives the rivers a better chance than they have had lately of coming into order for the autumn fishing.

By no means the least pleasing thing about the present great War Bazaar is the unostentatious and, to some extent, unknown generosity of many of the great trading establishments. The ladies who are stall-holders and so forth obtain some amusement, or the expectation of some, out of the proceedings; that is to say, they know that they will be terribly tired, but they have the pleasure of talking about it in advance and of recounting their sufferings afterwards, and the special clothes are in the nature of a consolation. The buyers, too, are in full view as they are extravagant in a sacred cause. But the charity of the great tradesmen is substantial. They are entrusting valuable things to the extent of many thousands of pounds to the stall-holders at wholesale prices, and on the "sale or return" principle, and there is no denying that it is very good indeed of them. Not

for nothing are we a nation of shopkeepers. Whether the shopkeepers as a body are really suffering from the war is rather an open question. It has been a quiet season, and some classes of the trade which lives on social functions have no doubt been crippled, but other classes must have done very well—notably the dressmakers.

The action of the Meteorological Office in sending out forecasts of the weather during harvest-time ought to be made as public as possible. The office will send out daily reports by telegraph, on payment of the telegraph fee of 6d., to any office in the kingdom. The forecasts are made out at 3.30 p.m., and apply to the twenty-four hours from the following midnight. The address of the office is 63, Victoria Street, London, S.W., and a letter of application for these forecasts should be directed to the secretary, stating the length of time for which it is wished they should be sent, and the shortest telegraphic address of the addressee.

At present the farming outlook is not by any means rosy. From all accounts it would appear that the hay crop is likely to be much below average, the clovers and fine grasses having been retarded by the cold, dry weather. This is the more to be regretted as last year's crop was not a heavy one, and the supply of old hay is being gradually exhausted. The shortness of pasture caused many fields to be thrown open to stock that would otherwise have been kept for the hay harvest. Root crops, too, are not starting well, so that the prospect for next winter's feed is not very cheerful; nor is it likely to be unless the conditions alter very much. Corn also is rather backward, though it may pick up a good deal yet. Cider-makers are looking forward to a bumper season for apples.

Lord Egerton of Tatton will preside at the second general meeting of the Agricultural Education Committee, to be held at the rooms of the Society of Arts on Friday. It has a capital record for so young a body. Called into existence last July, already its influence has been felt in moulding the educational policy of this Government. The block grant, the lessons on common things, and the new household management for girls were made partly in answer to its representations. The differentiation of the curricula in town and country schools is also very largely due to it. Much of the work undertaken ought to be done by the Government, but modern Ministers scarcely ever move without popular propulsion. Hence we are glad to hear that there is every prospect of the continuation by the committee of the work it has so admirably begun under the energetic guidance of Sir W. Hart Dyke and Mr. Hobhouse, M.P.

Sir John Gorst, when introducing the education estimates, gave some humorous illustrations of the need for country teaching. "One of the inspectors told me," he said, "that he heard in a large infants' Board School the head-mistress giving a lesson on the rabbit. She told her class that another name for the rabbit is the hare." Further, at another Board School, the same inspector heard a teacher inform her class "That cow's horns were made of ivory," which she wrote with grave complacency on the black board. According to Sir John the explanation of this ignorance is that teachers are in the habit of accepting country situations only as a makeshift till they can get to town. But one would imagine that much must be wrong with the system which fills the heads of male and female teachers with dates and names, and leaves this blank in their knowledge of ordinary life round them. There is scarcely room for doubting that the first step towards more satisfactory teaching will lie in the better preparation of those to whom the task is entrusted.

A few weeks ago we noticed that the May-fly was extending its range on the Test, and the same increase is noted on other rivers, notably some of the smaller rivers of Wales. At the same time the present year has not been a great May-fly year, in the old sense of the word. Rivers have not been a floating mass of May-fly and their shucks. It is many years since we have seen them in the old profusion, and perhaps we shall never see them so again; nor, except for the wonder of the sight, is it to be regretted. It is but by accident that a fish will take your artificial May-fly with such a mass of the real article about him, and when the May-fly season is over he will not rise to the fly for the rest of the summer. He is always a slightly doubtful blessing, and too much of him is never a good thing. The present season would have been a much better one but for the prevalence of strong northerly winds.

We hear yet again, and always with the old suspicion, the complaints of the grayling—that he is on the increase, and is appearing in parts of streams that used not to know him, to the detriment of the trout. Personally, we are disposed to welcome the grayling wherever he appears, but if he be not wanted it is easy to get rid of him, far easier than to get rid of trout, because he is a sociable fish and may be netted in shoals.

The Troglodyte fishes which were presented to the Zoological Gardens in London have died just about as soon after being presented as those which were placed in the Zoological Gardens in Dublin some years ago, as we feared they would. Meanwhile, the collection is the richer by an insect which appears to be perfectly demoniac. Everybody remembers the American humourist's vivid description of the duel between the "pesky scorp" and the "tuler," in other words, the scorpion and the tarantula. Thousands of people have seen at the Palace Theatre the biograph (or should it be biogram?) of such a duel; but Galeodes—that is the name of the new insect—combines the ferocity of both insects, can burrow like a rabbit, and has "the pale and gruesome colouration" of Victor Hugo's Devil Fish. It is consoling to learn that the creature is kept in a glass case by himself.

The appeal made for support by the Field Sports Protection and Encouragement Association at their annual meeting is one which we can most cordially endorse. From the address of Lord Westbury, the chairman, it is to be gathered that the main work done by the association has been in the useful direction of checking the sale of stolen game eggs, and we are sorry to see that in the pursuit of that laudable object they have become the target of an action for libel. Game eggs, for practical purposes in these days, mean pheasants' eggs, for the hand-rearing of partridges is, as our shooting correspondent has shown pretty conclusively, a delusion and a snare. Now in the matter of pheasants' eggs the remedy is in the hands of the gentlemen who shoot. There is absolutely no difficulty in buying from respectable farms an abundant supply of eggs at quite a reasonable price, and several such farms have been mentioned from time to time in COUNTRY LIFE. All eggs obtained by purchase from any other source, except of course from a friend, are suspect; and the crime is worse, from the moral point of view, with each fresh pair of hands through which the eggs pass. The hind, or shepherd, or labourer who steals in the first instance is bad, but he is ignorant; the village receiver who buys is worse, because he is less ignorant; but there can be no doubt whatsoever that the estate owner or shooting tenant who buys from a tainted source is the worst of all. Keepers are human and fallible in this matter, but their humanity and their fallibility increase in proportion to their confidence that no questions will be asked, and that confidence is precisely what they should not be allowed to feel.

The reafforesting of Ireland, but more particularly the west of that country, will doubtless be an important matter for the new Irish Board of Agriculture to tackle. That Ireland was in the days of old a thickly-wooded country there is little doubt, and one of its ancient names signified "The Island of the Woods." That vast forests of oak and pine at one time covered many of the large tracts now under bog is certain, as the remains of immense trees may be seen all over the country, but climatic or other changes appear to have altered matters. Be the cause what it may, there seems to be great difficulty in establishing woods—for shelter or profit—in the West, and the experiments hitherto made have proved sorry failures. Of the 500 acres planted by the Government at Knockboy, County Galway, in 1892-93, not much can be said. Sycamore, ash, elm, beech, birch, poplar, alder, larch, Scotch fir, spruce, silver fir, sea-buckthorn, and elder were all tried. The silver fir was the first to show signs of failure, and the larches, hardwoods, and deciduous trees, with few exceptions, did not thrive. Scotch fir, spruce, and mountain pine seem to have been the most successful. Even so long ago as 1882 it was laid down that the sycamore and Norway maple, with sea-buckthorn for an undergrowth, made the best shelter belt, but they, in turn, should have the shelter of a fence or bank 7ft. high to break the breeze which sweeps in from the Atlantic for about three-fourths of the year. Winter planting is not recommended, as it is found the young trees have a better chance if put down early in April.

It is hardly probable that any extensive forestry operations will be attempted by private individuals in Ireland, so that any hope of reforesting the West must depend on the State, but still the practical experience of individuals living there deserves every consideration. One gentleman living about 100ft. over the sea-level on the Atlantic coast says that he has been very successful in getting both shade and shelter. He says his first venture was with silver fir, which was a complete failure. Then he planted alder, sycamore, poplar, and timber willow, all of which did well at first, but the two latter began to show symptoms of decay after attaining a certain height. When some shelter was formed elm and ash did well, and Scotch fir and Austrian pine also thrived, and various shrubs flourish luxuriously and bloom freely. The great advantage of this shelter is manifest by the fact that fruit can now be grown in that particular place, and this year, at the county show, the first prize was taken for pears which weighed 2lb. each.

THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING.

THE Ascot Meeting is past and gone, but it has left us various subjects for consideration, and not the least of them is the proposal of the Jockey Club to at last bestir themselves in regard to the condition of the course and the general arrangements. Year by year we have seen the going at Ascot getting steadily worse, and no serious effort seems to be made to improve it, though there are precedents both at Goodwood and Hurst Park, where excellent courses were artificially made. In short, there is no doubt that the whole course at Ascot should be dug out to a depth of several inches and replaced with fresh mould and turf, which should never afterwards be neglected. Failing this scheme, moss litter dressing would do much in the way of improvement. Then, again, as to the financial position, no one seems to know definitely what is done with all the money, for that taken in connection with the Royal enclosure and carriage enclosure does not go to the racing account at all. The other stands and the paddock have to provide all the expenses and added money. There can be little doubt that the Royal enclosure could be made to provide a very large fund indeed if business-like methods prevailed, and not only could all the money needed for remaking the course be easily found, but a great deal more added money could be given. The whole range of stands is at a wrong angle for seeing races on the new mile—which is not a mile at



W. A. Rouch.

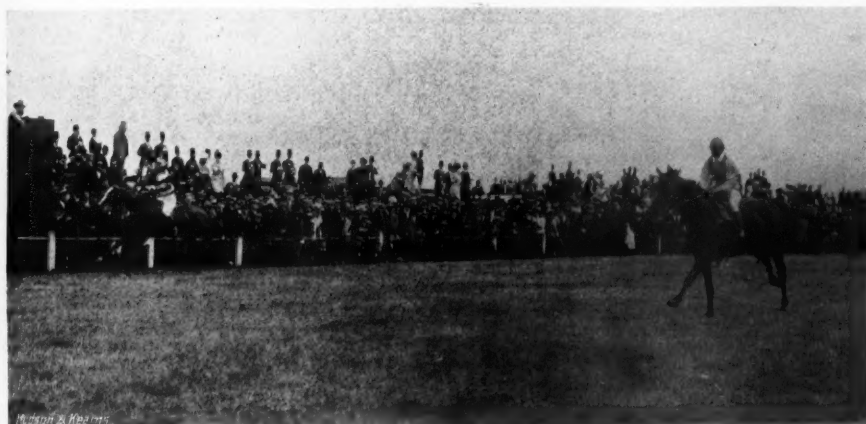
HUNT CUP HORSES IN THE PADDOCK.

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find some equally sound horses. There used to be no lack of them. The Grafter, another Australian, had run on the Tuesday over two miles, and one of his legs is a bit "dicky"; yet for all that he started for the Cup and finished third. The French horse, Perth II., pulled up very leg weary, but that is no indication of unsoundness. They had simply run him to a standstill, and under such circumstances horses are apt to become fairly foundered. Those who saw Marcion win his Ascot Cup will remember how Orvieto and Buccaneer could barely hobble and stagger into the paddock after their efforts to live with the brilliant son of Royal Hampton. I have seen many such cases, but the horses recover in due time and walk away all right, though they pull out sore and stiff next morning.

In his time Merman has beaten not a few horses of higher reputation than himself. Thus he made a terrible example of The Rush and Bay Ronald when he won the Jockey Club Cup the season before last; Australian sportsmen could scarcely credit the news that he had defeated the great Newhaven for the Goodwood Cup last year; and now we have seen him most effectually settle the French champion, Perth II., who was not only the best three year old of his year, but was

considered so good that his owner would not have feared encountering Flying Fox with him. The truth, however, is that "clash" will not make up for lack of stamina in a 2½ miles struggle, if a true pace is made from start to finish. If a stable companion had not been put in to make running for Perth II., it is highly probable that he would have won, for he would have retained an effort for the finish, and then his



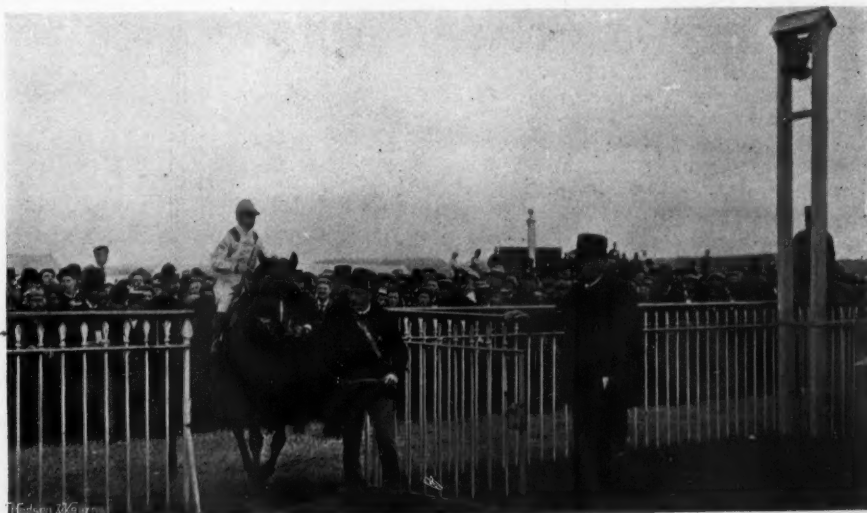
W. A. Rouch.

THE FINISH FOR THE HUNT CUP.

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all—and I do not believe that there is any serious difficulty in the way to prevent the making of another mile course at a suitable angle. This would be an easier and more economical way of dealing with the trouble than by pulling down the stands and building new ones from which the existing track could be seen.

Another important item of Ascot aftermath is the failure of English breeders to bring out a decent Cup horse. Of all the thousands of thorough-breds which are foaled yearly in this country, only two were found to face the starter on Thursday last for the Gold Cup, and the balance of the field came from Australia or France. I cannot believe that the hard ground is solely to blame for this, for, after all, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and Merman did not suffer in the slightest degree for having galloped the 2½ miles barefoot in first-rate time. Indeed, he was in the paddock the next afternoon as fresh and as well as ever he was in his life, ready to go out for the Alexandra Plate, three miles, with 10st. 3lb. in the saddle, and he would have won it beyond all question, but under the threat that an objection would be made to his entry, on the ground of a trifling informality, Robinson, "Mr. Jersey's" trainer, did not venture to take the responsibility of running him. Merman is an extraordinary horse, for he is eight years old, and yet his legs are as clean as a yearling's and his sinews are like bars of steel; but surely we also should be able to



W. A. Rouch.

ROYAL FLUSH AFTER HIS VICTORY.

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dash of speed would have got him home; but the time in which the race was run, 4min. 29 2-5sec., proves that the pace was uncompromising throughout. Mrs. Langtry bought Merman when he was a four year old for 1,600 guineas from the late Mr. W. R. Wilson, and no better bargain was ever made.

Of the two year olds that ran at Ascot, Good Morning, Volodyovski, Veles, Lord Melton, the Limosa colt, and Orchid are probably the best, and I am inclined to think that at present

golf being embraced by the Sassenach with a fervour that ought to satisfy the most devoted Scot.

It is rather amusing to read the accounts in some of the papers apoloising, as it would seem, for Vardon that he took only the second place in this year's championship. They say that his American tour has upset his game a little. But there is not much sign of an upset in the scores that he returned for the championship. The real fact is that Taylor played a transcendental game. It is a good adjective. Let it be taken to denote four rounds played as no four rounds have been recorded to be played by man since golfers began keeping records or even inventing legends. They surpassed imagination. Vardon played an uncommonly fine game, as good a game as even his grand play before he went to America gave any grounds for expecting of him. But it was not good enough to equal Taylor's score—that was beyond the expectation that there were any grounds for forming about any man's performance, either Vardon's or Taylor's own. A deal of excitement was created by the announcement that Taylor was going to play with the new Maponite balls, and in point of fact it seems that he did announce his own intention of playing with them before he went North; but it also seems that he changed his mind before the great day, and the result can give him no reason for regretting it. It is, at least, inconceivable that he could have done better than he did. The next event of great interest that we can look forward to would be a big match—a really long match over several greens—between Taylor and Vardon. We have our own opinion as to which would be the winner; but that is a point of no importance. What is important is that it would be the greatest match possible at the present time, a match that would surely be fought to a close finish, and would not fizzle out to the fiasco that attended Willie Park's attempt to cope with Vardon.

Mr. John Ball, we see by *Golf*, reported himself "very fit" at Bloemfontein on May 7th; that is good hearing. The suggestion of the executive committee, for the use to which the fund shall be put that was raised in memory of the late Mr. F. G. Tait, has, we understand, been remitted to the committee for reconsideration. This step was the result of the voting at the meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, which did not altogether approve of the bulk of it being devoted to increase of the prize-money at the open championship—at least, not in the exact form that the proposal of the executive took. We expect to hear the outcome of their reconsideration immediately.



W. A. Rouch.

A PRETTY CORNER OF THE PADDOCK.

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Good Morning would defeat any of them. This half-brother to Kilcock is a beautiful colt, a bright chestnut with four white legs. The marking is somewhat flashy and hardly suggestive of stamina, but that he possesses brilliant speed is certain, and he showed no sign of faltering when finishing up the Ascot hill, though Lester Reiff somewhat foolishly eased him and allowed Volodyovski to all but catch him on the post. Bonnie Morn has not hitherto been distinguished as the dam of stayers, and it remains to be seen whether Good Morning will in this respect differ from the rest of her stock. We have, however, seen white-legged Gallinules that could stay well—Wildfowler, for example—and it is to be hoped that Good Morning will also be able to compass fairly long distances. It is long since we have had a good chestnut classic winner, and yet in the Stockwell days there were plenty of them.

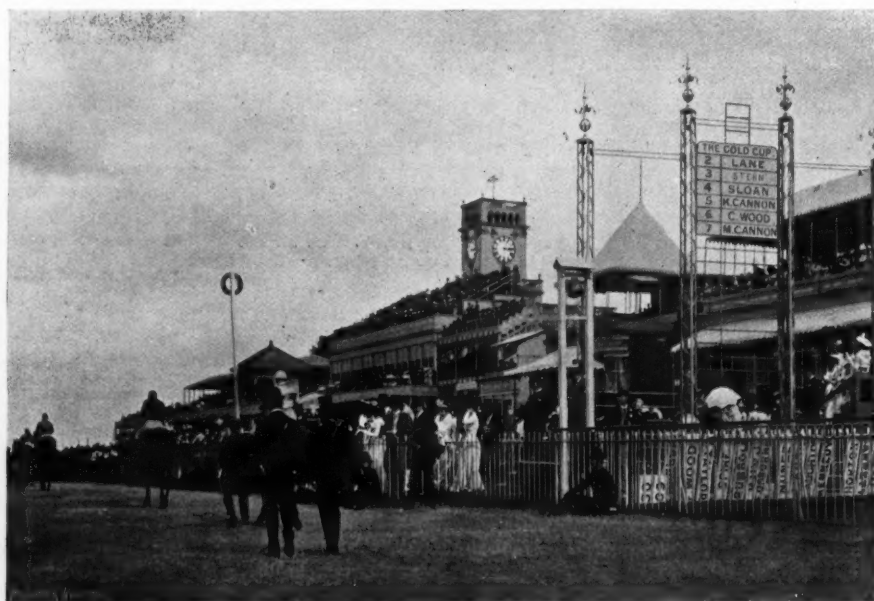
The sales during the first July week at Newmarket will be of the most important character, and it would be no surprise if the record price for a yearling is beaten when the brother to Flying Fox comes into the ring. I think, however, the best of the Eaton-bred youngsters is the colt by Orme out of that beautiful mare Kissing Cup (dam of Goblet). Several of the Eaton mares will also be sold, and also the stallion Grey Leg. A gem of a yearling filly is the one by Trenton out of Sandiway, by Doncaster out of Clemence (grandam of Carbine and Carriage). She will make an ideal brood mare some day. OUTPOST.

ON THE GREEN.

THE Englishmen, Taylor and Vardon, played some further matches in Scotland after the open championship, in which they finished first and second respectively. They were matched at Barnton, that parlor place where the Edinburgh Burgess Club plays golf on the Sabbath day, against two local amateur cracks respectively; that is to say, Vardon played the "best ball," as golfers, heedless of grammar, style it, of two members of the club, Mr. Gray and Mr. Livingstone, and on the following day Taylor was pitted against the "best ball" of Mr. Gray and Mr. Macdonald. In both cases the professionals proved more than equal to the task set them. Vardon did two fine rounds of 76 and 73, and Taylor in his one-round match was 75. Is Vardon, after all, an Englishman? He is a native of Jersey. What then? But perhaps it is better to follow the counsels of the Reverend Mr. Macrae and sink these differences of nationality in the general title of Briton,

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a small but eminently pleasing portrait of the Countess of Limerick, who was married



W. A. Rouch.

THE PARADE FOR THE GOLD CUP.

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in 1890 to Viscount Glentworth, who is now the fourth Earl of Limerick. Lady Limerick is the daughter of Mr. Joseph Burke Irwin, R.M., of Stelleen House, Drogheda, and the Irish seat of Lord Limerick is Dromore Castle, Pallaskey, County Limerick. Lady Limerick has a son, Viscount Glentworth, who was born in 1894, and daughter, Lady Victoria Mary, a year older.



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MERMAN WINS THE GOLD CUP.

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KILLING DRIVEN GAME.—IX.

THE more I look into what has been written about killing driven game the less cause there appears to be for wonder at the oft-heard opinion "books won't teach." Far be it from my intention to argue that they will, for with whatever care they may be written they cannot be understood by those who have never had a gun in their hands. There are, however, so many things written about shooting that the experienced gunner cannot but call absurd, that it goes without saying that the tyro will never learn from those books—that is, if he believes them. Possibly the worst offender in the English language is the book that of all others should be the most accurate. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" was written ten years or more ago, but that does not excuse it from the charge of printing statements that were never right.

I suppose, nevertheless, the Encyclopædia will go down to posterity as the best information obtainable at the period; and thus our sons and grandsons will have good right to believe us the old fools they are sure to suspect we were.

Never until this week had I looked up "Shooting" in the Encyclopædia; consequently I did not know that woodcocks were usually to be found in the branches of trees. I do not know whether the language used is capable of any other construction, but in fairness I quote: "Woodcock newly arrived may be readily killed, especially near the sea coast. After recruiting, they frequently betake themselves to heathery moors if there are such near at hand, where they frequent the sides of rivulets and gorges. There they may be readily brought down; but in woods they have a knack of twisting, as it were, round the younger trees, in the branches of which they are mostly found, and so disconcert the aim."

Of course it is more than possible that the writer of this knew that woodcocks were not often, if ever, found in trees; but that, if so, does not excuse the Encyclopædian language. Those who do not know—those for whom the work was written—would learn that woodcocks lived in trees. Those, on the other hand, who do know exactly—those who would not look for the information—could not deny that the language is dark, and the meaning obscure. This subject of shooting and gunnery seems to be a pitfall to the publishers of Encyclopædias, whether British or sporting. After the articles on gunnery appeared in that work dealing with sport, the publishers sent round an apology to the gun trade, with a promise of further notice, and a request for information. Whether the latter ever was sent, or the promise redeemed, I am not aware, but my copy of the Encyclopædia contains nothing of the kind. The *Times* has now undertaken a republication of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," with a promise of a supplement bringing the work up to date. How they will treat the shooting remains to be seen. It is not so much a question of bringing the work up to date as setting right statements that were always wrong. In the former instance it may be that the writer meant that the "aim" and not the "woodcocks" was generally found in the branches;

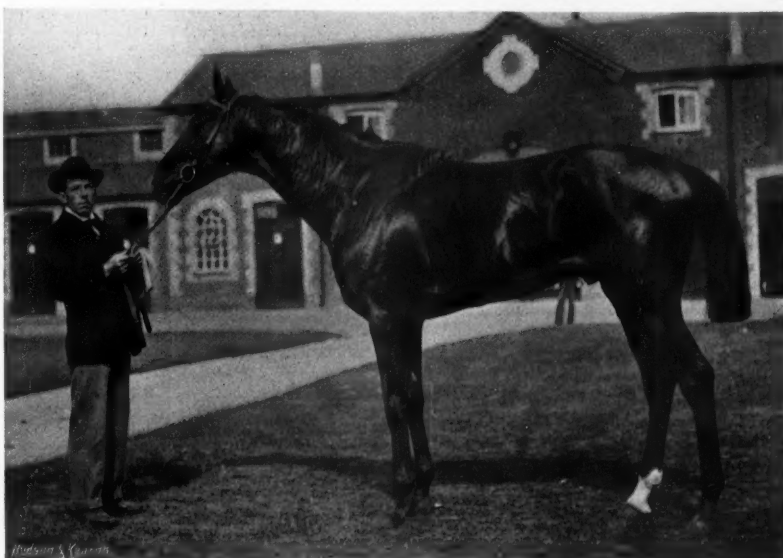
but when we come to consider what he says of pheasants it appears doubtful whether he really knew anything of woodcraft. He says: "The art of shooting pheasants depends upon the fact that, unlike partridges or grouse, the birds generally steadily ascend in their flight; hence the tendency is to shoot under them. This upward flight is greatest in coverts, until it sometimes becomes almost perpendicular, birds rising in this way being called 'rocketers.'" The latter sentence is, of course, the one that exception must be taken to. Birds rising in this way are *not* called "rocketers," unless, indeed, it be admitted that the Encyclopædia is powerful enough to alter the meaning of words as they are employed by sportsmen. It may be that it will become so in a future generation, but it is not so now. History is not what happened, but what people believe happened. Any pheasant flying from a distance that comes high over the shooter is, according to sportsmen, a "rocketer." It is quite immaterial whether the bird rises from a high place and flies down hill, or gradually rises high over trees, or goes up straight in covert and then, turning, goes high over the shooter from a distance. The point is that a pheasant is not a rocket while he is ascending, and not until his flight becomes more or less horizontal. "To aim high, therefore, is the golden rule." Certainly it is for the perpendicular bird—no advice could be better; but the Encyclopædia applies it to the rocket, where it, at least, does not explain that necessary aiming in front that ought to be expressed.

Then the author of the article is even more misleading when he talks of the distance to be held in front of driven game. He bases his calculation on an error; that is, he takes 1-19th of a second as the time it takes for the shot to go 40yds., and works out the proper allowance in front of a carrier pigeon going 102ft. per second, as 5ft. in advance of the bird. But he has more than doubled the rate of the shot. It really is a mean speed of about 900ft. per second over that range.

This is between 1-8th and 1-7th of a second for the distance; and this has been measured by electric chronographs so often during the last twenty years that it is wonderful how any moderately-informed person could have made the mistake. Moreover, 1-8th or 1-7th of a second represents the fastest time of the fastest shot-pellets of the charge, for the electric contact is broken (and this gives the record) by the first shot that strikes the target in the chronograph range.

This observation brings us to another remark in the article in question, not only an error in degree like the above, but in direction. The author speaks of the manner in which the pellets reach an object 40yds. from the gun muzzle, and he says that from a choke-bore the position of the shot-pellets in relation to each other outline an oval when the first reaches the mark; whereas, he goes

on to explain, from a gun bored as the old cylinders used to be the shot go up at equal speed rates, disc-like, and strike, therefore, simultaneous blows. Thanks, however, to recent observations Mr. Griffith was started on the lines of investigation, and he found that the shot scattered from either choke or cylinder in the manner already described in these papers; so that, as a matter of fact, the shot scatter in directions between muzzle and game three to four times as much as they scatter laterally. The choke-bore column of shot is the less in length of the two; and the cylinder instead of being disc-like,



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MERMAN AFTER THE RACE.

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ASCOT: IN THE GARDENS.

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is no less than 4yds. long at 40yds. from the muzzle. As this opinion of a disc-like formation was disposed of, if it ever existed, many years ago, it is curious reading to find it in the British Encyclopædia in 1900. It is probably the worst fault in the article, because, now that most game shooting is done by driving the birds, the elongation of the load of shot is a very great advantage to the shooter; he might almost as well fire at his rocketeer with a rifle ball as with the imaginary disc of shot described.

In the remarks upon grouse driving, the writer in the Encyclopædia is equally unfortunate. He advises the sportsman to crouch in his shelter until the birds are near enough to fire at, then suddenly to show himself, in order that the grouse may throw up their heads and check their flight. The only effect of this would be to disconcert the shooter, who would find the birds had passed him before he could get his gun on to them after his sudden jump up to frighten them. Probably grouse would not in the slightest degree alter their flight in consequence of this Jack-in-the-box movement, but if they did they would be all the harder to hit, just as a swerving partridge is harder to hit than one that continues a straight flight. It is the swerve upon sight of the gun that makes driven teal so difficult; often, to a less extent, it applies to partridges, but hardly ever to grouse. As the writer says that it is useless to turn round and fire after the grouse has passed, he should not do his best to make it impossible to hit the bird in front. One would have thought, though, that shot travelling at his rate—that is, at the impossible 2,280ft. per second—could even have caught up a grouse travelling on 'y at the rate of 102ft. per second. But this applies more particularly to the author's remarks on partridge driving. He says: "In driving, the guns are posted in a line at some distance from each other, under the concealment of a hedge some 20yds. in their front." The language is most unhappy, to say the least, especially if the shot cannot catch up a partridge after it has passed either, because it is obvious to anyone who has shot these birds that the nearest of them would, in that case, be unshootable in front, as well as behind. It would require a wonderful performer to get his brace of birds before they passed when the covery first came in sight only 20yds. away, and in front of the shooter. It may sometimes be that from some peculiarity of the fence, or the ground, 20yds. behind the former is the only position, but this would be very exceptional. The rule is close up to a fence that you can reach to shoot over, and 40yds. at least behind a high fence that cannot be shot over, that is, when the birds cannot be seen before they have topped the fence, it is necessary to stand well back in order to take even one in front.

There is, however, an even more amusing statement than the woodcocks in the trees, showing a lovely confusion of ideas about guns and driven grouse shooting. The Encyclopædia says: "The aim should be high, and it is aided by the recoil of the gun when fired, which throws the muzzle up in the line of flight. The pellets also strike the head and neck, and with such force that, when meeting the bird, No. 7 shot is most deadly when so discharged." Then to show that there is no mistake or misprint about the matter, the writer proceeds: "The recoil of the gun when fired 'high' is also useful in shooting with a rifle any large bird passing overhead; the shooter should face the bird." That a gun often kicks its shot high may be true; at least it is possible, although the flip or kick as often represents depression as elevation in rifle and gun; but that gun or rifle should have the sense to behave differently, as elevation or depression is required, has never been asserted even by those monomaniacs who love their guns better than their wives. Of course, there is no truth whatever in the statement that a gun or rifle kicks upwards when it is pointing upwards; not unless it always kicks in that direction, and this is implied not to be the case. But if, on the contrary, a weapon always kicks itself out of true alignment, and high, then it is a bad weapon and useless for every other kind or angle of shot.

It is hardly practical to carry more than one, and change guns according to the angle of shot. If it were granted that the weight of the man behind the stock had some influence on the direction of kick, that recoil was, in fact, round the centre of gravity, it would always be upwards and to the right from the right shoulder, no matter what the angle of aim might be. It might be open to argument that this upward jump ceased when the centre of gravity was immediately under the line of aim, that is, when the shot was directly upwards; but the reverse of this is the argument, and, as a matter of fact, in practice with shot-guns the direction of kick or flip is not altered by the angle of aim, one way or the other. On the other hand, with rifles, and to an unimportant extent with shot-guns, when firing perpendicular shots the projectiles are thrown forward of the line of aim, but for an entirely different reason. Guns and rifles are built theoretically correct for horizontal shooting, that is, they are set so as to counteract the effect of gravity on the projectiles; this pulls them down below the line of the axis of the barrel. This effect of gravity is done away with when the direction of fall, from gravity, and the direction of aim are the same, so that it is theoretically right to say that when the shooter faces a coming bird, and shoots straight above him, the buld of the gun adds to allowance in front of the game; for gravity is then merely retarding the pace of the pellets to some very slight extent, and not pulling them below the line of the axis of the barrel. In other words, the gun shoots more in front than it is aimed, but at 40yds. only about 6in., and the alteration in speed of the pellet would only represent half a foot less in the one-eighth of a second which the shot takes to do the range of 120 ft. None of this is worth considering at the moment of firing with the shot-gun; in practice there is no time to consider it, and with the rifle the chance at overhead game, or straight downhill game, does not often occur, and when it does happen the distances are so near that it is really very seldom that the sporting rifle shot is called upon to consider the total, or partial, elimination of the usual effect of gravity on the flight of the bullet. But, of course, all this theory has nothing whatever to do with kick or flip, the direction of which is supposed by the author of the Encyclopædian article to be altered by the angle of aim.

The latter part of one sentence quoted seems to lay it down that the small-sized No. 7 shot is better able to kill game coming straight at the shooter than it is to kill it going away. No. 7 is not the usual shot for either driven grouse or partridges. It used to be very much used for partridges killed over dogs early in the season; but it is altogether a mistake to think that the bird is more vulnerable because it is coming directly towards the shooter 30yds. away, the distance mentioned. It is quite the contrary in practice. Of course theory adds the speed of the bird to the speed of the shot, and works out the great difference in foot-pounds that really does exist between the blow struck on advancing, and on retreating, game; but although theory in this case is perfectly and scientifically correct, in practice there are other factors that cannot be measured in foot-pounds. That is to say, the feathers on the approaching bird lie in such a way as to glance the shot pellets off them, and 30yds. for a bird pointing directly at the shooter is a very long distance to kill at, whereas 30yds. or 40yds. is not by any means out of shot for a grouse put up in front of the guns and going straight away. You may shoot straight at grouse, or partridges, coming quite straight to the gun at 20yds. away and less, and never blow one to bits or make it unfit for the table. But when the bird is flushed and the other end is turned to the shooter, such a distance pleases the dustman and the railway company more than your friends and the cook.

Had such an article appeared in a book of less pretensions it would not have been worthy of notice in these articles. ARGUS OLIVE.

BURNING THE HEATHER.

VERY quaint travelling menageries are those coaches that ply in the Western Highlands during the tourist season between places that the railway still treats with distant respect; the collection of wild animals mounted on them uncouth and heterogeneous. But of one thing you may be nearly sure in this singular company, that if you happen to pass a bit of burnt moorland some amiable Cockney among your

fellow-travellers will exclaim, "Oh! dear me, what a pity; they've had a fire and burnt all the beautiful heather."

No doubt that is the way the blackened patch is bound to strike the uninitiated eye. It is a pity that the heather should be burnt and that portions of the moor should appear all-black and blasted in the midst of the purple glory; but the burning is not by any means, as the good Londoner concludes, a matter of

accident. It has been done of set purpose; it is a drastic remedy for a disease under which the heather suffers if it be not applied. That disease is one that is common to other things of the earth besides the heather; it is the disease of growing old. When the heather grows old it means that it grows long and coarse and rank, that there is at its roots all sorts of tangled abomination of grass and weeds, that it is nearly impossible to walk through it, and that it becomes useless for the support of those creatures that chiefly expect to live on it or among it, such as the grouse, the deer, and the sheep. It really cumbers the moor. Doubtless in old times, before this was so well understood, grouse and deer and sheep did live in the moorland, but not in the numbers that are there now; and even then, though the heather perhaps was not set



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THE BEGINNING OF THE BLAZE.

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FAIRLY STARTED.

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on fire so deliberately, and with such regard for the best season of burning, for the direction of the wind in affecting the spread of the conflagration, and the safeguards that modern experience applies, still there must have been accidental fires more numerous than now, fires that devastated great tracts of the moor at one time, in consequence of the many camp fires of clansmen, caterans, and vagabonds of less degree. A more efficient control and the elements of civilisation have improved most of these picturesque people off the face of the Highlands, and the engines of the locomotives that drag the trains so leisurely up and down the hills do not scatter conflagration from their sparks sufficient to make up for the loss of the camp-fire services. Moreover, having once learned the benefit that the firing does the heather, it has seemed better to control it regularly. It is, of course, a business that needs watching, and selecting of right and not too violent winds. A spark lightly thrown, when the heather is very dry and the wind high, may set half Scotland in a blaze. Only last year immense fires raged for days on the Duke of Richmond's Gordon Castle property and some adjacent ones. A regiment of men was needed to get it

under. Our boy with the spirit-can fostering THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BLAZE does not want to be responsible for such a fire as this. When it once is FAIRLY STARTED, and started over the required width, then it may be trusted to do the rest of the active work for itself; it will go on burning, provided the heather be fairly dry and the wind in favour, until you check it. This controlling the fire is done by BEATING IT OUT with fir branches when it has reached the limit that you wish burned on either side, and maybe you will beat it out in the same manner when it has reached its limit of length. This, however, is a risky method if any considerable head of fire be blazing. The smoke rushes upon you, so that you can scarcely do the work, for you will of necessity be working TO LEEWARD of the conflagration. By far safer is it to let the fire burn its way to some cleared space where it will



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BEATING IT OUT.

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early die of inanition, on the principle that Fenimore Cooper's heroes employed in stress of a prairie fire—setting fire to a patch in advance of the approaching flames that they might have nothing to feed on when they came.

The part of the heather to be burnt is commonly the oldest part, but there is a difference in the proper manner of burning for a driving and a dogging moor. Where you intend to drive the birds it is better to burn the heather in strips running more or less parallel with the line of the butts, but where it is proposed to shoot over dogs it is better to burn in patches. The young birds will want, in the first place, some covert, which the neighbouring long heather will afford them, and will also want a secure feeding place, where the old birds will not molest them, which they will find in the newly-sprouting heather of the burnt patches. By burning in patches you will find the birds more distributed over the moor, which is the disposition that you require when shooting them over dogs.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

TO LEEWARD.

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There is a considerable element of excitement in this business of the heather-burning. You have let loose such a fierce, unmanageable, irresponsible god, or demon, in blowing up your tuft of dried grass, or working with your lamp, till the flame catches the heather and spreads and spreads ever wider. Even while you have it under safest control it always seems to be striving and threatening to break out of bounds. It is a very terrible force. It must be very terrible to all the poor things that live in the heather and cannot escape in time, the insects, mice, lizards, and so on. Sometimes you will see a number of birds of prey, hawks, and all their kind, seemingly attracted by

the hope of finding many of these poor creatures driven out by the flames so that they may afford a hearty meal to all carnivorous things. Yet at another time the fire may go on quite unnoticed by them. No doubt it depends on the state of their appetite for the moment.

It is at least an interesting sight to see once—this burning of the heather—well worthy the slight pains of smarting eyes that the smoke may give you, though there is a monotony in its incidents that makes one burning very like another, provided it be well managed. If ill managed, who can tell the issue?

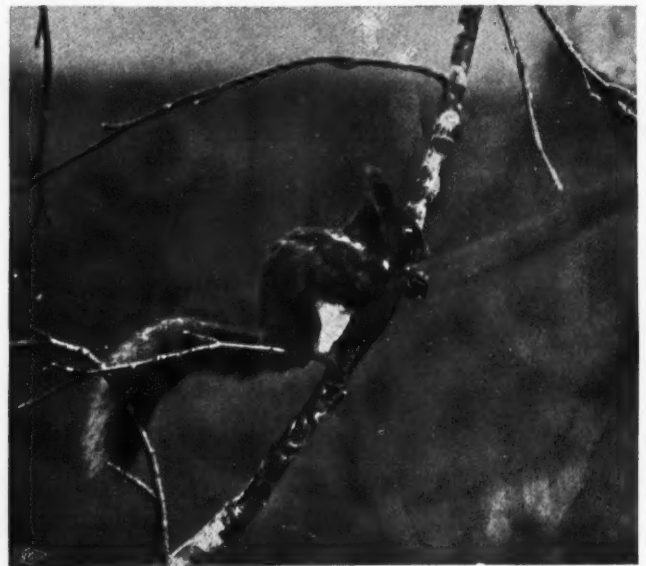
FRIENDLY SQUIRRELS.

[A modest lady in Dorsetshire sends us these interesting notes, with photographs by Mr. Lawrence Pike, to use as we please. They are simple, but well written, and we shall not commit the mistake of tampering with them.—ED.]

THESE portraits are taken from free and independent squirrels; by rights they should be called "wild squirrels," in contradistinction to the so-called "pet squirrel," who is usually kept in gaol with hard labour on the wheel. There are a great many squirrels on our domain, and yet none of our trees are in the least injured by them. I have planted thousands of trees—pine, chestnut, lime, scotch fir, spruce, and birch—but I can truthfully say, and would proudly show anyone, that not one of our trees shows any trace of injury by squirrels.

A cousin of ours has just become possessed of an estate in Devonshire; he is disappointed to find that he has no squirrels there, as he always admires ours, and thinks they add a great charm to the place. His fir trees seem unhealthy; he describes them as shedding their tops, the ground under them being strewn with tufts of the fir green and little branches. The trees are evidently infested by the pine beetles, which naturalists say are much sought after by squirrels. Where there are no squirrels, the pine beetle increases to such an extent that it ruins the trees. There is also another parasite which infests larch trees and works great havoc. I constantly see my squirrel folk diligently searching the bark of various trees for insects and grubs. A naturalist says that squirrels are particularly fond of a grub injurious to beech trees. There is also some insect in the bark of oak trees which they are always searching for, holding on by their paws clasped round small branches, whilst they search under the bough after they have hunted all over the top.

I consider that my squirrels are very good woodmen, they keep my fir trees healthy and growing vigorously by destroying the grubs and beetles, and by relieving the trees of the heavy crops of fir cones, which if not taken off must take a good deal of the strength out of the tree. It is most interesting to watch these woodmen gathering the fir cones, especially those off the Scotch firs. They nip the cone or "fir-apple" off so neatly, not taking even a twig or needle, but just the fir-apple. Much more neatly and deftly do these creatures pick their fir-apples than any human gardener picks his crabs or apples. My squirrel friends are at this season (March) very busy biting off lime and beech twigs to make their summer nests. They build twice a year—a summer residence in March, a winter one in September or October. Casual and ignorant observers might suppose that my squirrels were going to ruin my trees when they saw them trotting fussily about with beech twigs, but anyone who observes a little more deeply than the man in the street will see that the squirrels do not take leading shoots or young twigs—they would be too soft and sappy for their



*"In His Fur the Breeze of Morning Played
As in the Prairie Grass."*

purpose. They take matured twigs to make a firm foundation and roof to their nest, which they line snugly with ravelled string, dry leaves (skeleton poplar leaves), dry grass, and often fur from their own bodies. My squirrels go into the greenhouses for bits of string and bass, and into the stables for scraps of hay and shed hair from the horses. I maintain that by the spring and autumn pruning of twigs the squirrels keep my beech trees growing vigorously. Anyhow, they are still so thick that I often have the dry boughs broken off to avoid their falling in gales. It strikes me that anyone living in a snug house himself and begrudging these pretty wood sprites a few stiff twigs to form their humble dwellings must indeed be a selfish churl.

There is something very quaint and elf-like about squirrels; "shadow-tails" the ancient Greeks used to call them, and they even went so far in their admiration as to call them cousins of their forest deities, and to establish and protect them in their sacred groves. Can anything be quainter and prettier than the following account of friendship between powerful man and his tiny subject the squirrel? I copy verbatim from Peregrine's article on "Falconry" in COUNTRY LIFE, January 13th: "Rats can be taken with a goshawk, and so can squirrels; but I will have nothing to do with squirrel-hawking. While I am writing a squirrel is on the table eating nuts close to me. I only hope he won't walk over this sheet and blot it. It is a fine day, the window opens to the ground; he has just rung a bell outside to say he is here and I have let him in. There are two of them almost equally tame. They have never been in confinement. We saw them in the trees, and gradually got them to come into the house by a line of nuts (the nuts placed a couple of yards or so apart), and so by degrees they are what they are. One comes on my shoulder and takes nuts from under my coat collar. But I must remember that I am writing a chapter on hawking, not on taming wild squirrels." Poets in various ages and climes have admired the shadow-tail folk. In the "Light of Asia" the grey striped Indian squirrel is mentioned as leaping on the knee of the "Blessed One"; but it is Longfellow who most fascinatingly describes the airy wood-sprite and his fussy and inquisitive ways.



FRIENDLY WOOD-SPRITES.

This is the beginning of the friendship between him and Hiawatha:

"Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha.'"

Being spared, Adjidaumo seems to have constituted himself Hiawatha's friend and comrade; for when the hero went fishing in his birch canoe—

"On the bow, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel Adjidaumo.
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses."

When the canoe got upset and had to be righted, busybody friend squirrel

"frisked and chattered very gaily,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha,
Till the labour was completed.
Then said Hiawatha to him,
'O, my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you,
For hereafter and for ever
Boys shall call you "Adjidaumo,"
'Tail-in-air" the boys shall call you.'

When Hiawatha brings home his bride, the beautiful Minnehaha,

"From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers."

And so we leave thee, Adjidaumo, quaint and friendly sprite, peeping at the lovers, and I would say for thee to all my readers, "Do not shoot, trap, cage, or hurt the squirrel folk, for they would be friends with man." E. PIKE.

NOTE OR POSTSCRIPT.

Mr. Stillman, author of "Billy and Hans," has collected the following information about squirrels, and says I may use it if I like.

Extract from the letter of a gamekeeper:

"I have often been told that squirrels do damage to trees, and have been requested to shoot squirrels. But as I never shoot wantonly, I have often studied the habits of these beautiful animals. There are a great many of them here. They used to shoot them before I came, but after I explained to Colonel F—— they were not disturbed. The food of the squirrel is cones and seed of mostly all kinds of trees—the trees we have here—spruce-pine, Scotch fir, pine, larch, oak, hazel, beech, and elm. I have never seen a squirrel eating or destroying the young shoots of forest trees, and there are thousands of young trees here, Scotch fir and pines, the very kind they are blamed for destroying, and I am safe to say that I could not point out one tree damaged by



MASHER AND LITTLE FOOR CALLING AT THE FRONT DOOR.

squirrels. The squirrel eats fungi of some kinds, particularly the red sort."

Extract from a clergyman's letter:

"Lots of the tips of the smaller branches (but not exclusively) of the Scotch fir come tumbling down at certain seasons. But this is not done by squirrels. It is done by the caterpillar of an insect. The insect pierces the soft young part of the branch near the tip and lays its egg in its centre. The caterpillar bores

away the pith, eating it; this enfeebles the stem, which breaks off in a wind. I have seen the ground covered by twigs and tops, but every one, on close examination, I found to be tunnelled by the caterpillar. The squirrel is very fond of the pine beetle, which destroys the shoots of trees, and he diligently hunts in the bark for this pest, of which there are two sorts, both most injurious to the trees."

Extract from the letter of a sportsman in Wales:

"What is said about squirrels destroying fir trees is all nonsense. As to the larch, there is an insect that digs its ovipositor



"DO NOT SHOOT ME, HIAWATHA."

into the larch trees and lays its eggs in them; that does the mischief. A friend of mine lost hundreds of trees by this insect. The trees nearly always die."

Mr. Stillman, the great authority on these matters, says: "I have personally examined thousands of young larches and Scotch firs, and I have never found a single tree topped by squirrels."

THE SPEY CAST.

THE Spey throw, or Spey cast, as it is more often called by those who admire it at a respectful distance, is a departure from the normal method of throwing a fly for salmon that is made necessary by the formation of certain river beds. Most notable of these is the river that has given its name to this throw, the magnificent Spey. Magnificent that river is; as a salmon producer, unfortunately less prolific than it used to be, because—of what shall we say? We may all have our suspicions and our theories as to the true cause of the decreased production of salmon, but after all it is "another story," and one that is under the consideration of the Royal Commissioners even now, so that its public discussion almost amounts to the offence of discussing a case in law *pendente lite*. Let us move to surer ground.

There are other rivers in Scotland besides the Spey itself on which the ability to execute the Spey throw is invaluable, enabling an angler who has this stroke in his keeping to fish whole pools and parts of pools that are not within the philosophy of the less variously gifted; and the rivers that have the characteristics requiring the Spey throw are generally just those



ADJIDAUMO, PEEFING AT THE LOVERS.

that are the most fascinating to fish and to admire, such for instance as the Findhorn; the North Esk, in parts; here and there a pool on the Ugie; a place or two, in certain states of water, on the Tay, and so on, to mention a few as they come uppermost in the writer's mind. The object of the Spey throw, it perhaps goes without saying, is to enable a man to get his line out over a pool where the banks of the river behind him are so steep or so wooded that he cannot throw out the line behind to get the ordinary purchase for the favoured throw; places where even that clever upward cast of the line over the head, such as is known to many cunning fishers of the Tay, would not get the fly clear of the encumbrances behind. In such places as these, if they are to be fished at all, it is necessary that some *tour de force* be employed, for they are places where the boat fishing and the wading alike are impossible or useless. It remains only to



W. A. Rouch.

LIFTING.

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throw the line forward off the water, picking the end of it off the water by the force of the throw.

It sounds, no doubt, to those who do not know "the way it is done," a sheer impossibility, a conjuring trick. In matter of fact it is a throw that presents no immense difficulty—for the passable execution of it, let us say. To do the simplest thing supremely well requires the hand and eye of an artist, and this Spey throw is far from the simplest of things. On the other hand, it is a thing that has been much overrated, in respect of difficulty of accomplishment, in common report. It is a throw that any man may learn with a little patience and trouble. It requires, perhaps more than anything else, an accurate sense of timing that is something like a musical gift. To become a past master one should have practised from boyhood, but without being a past master one can learn enough to make easy the fishing of many a pool that would have been impossible but for this little bit of knowledge; and, moreover, when a man has learned the Spey throw he will generally prefer to use it rather than the more common throw behind the back. It is a throw that demands far less exertion.

The occasion of this article was a question from a correspondent asking us to give some account of the Spey throw, and some pictures illustrative thereof. By way of illustration we were very fortunate in getting leave from Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox to photograph him in several positions in the act of doing the Spey throw. Lord Walter is a past master. Brought up in his boyhood at Gordon Castle, on the banks of the splendid river, he learned the art from the best example, the best precept, and the most constant practice. A better model it were impossible to obtain.

It is perhaps best to begin with a general description of this fascinating throw before entering on its details. It is not an easy matter to make clear to the mind of the reader who brings to it the mental *tabula rasa* of complete ignorance, and the writer would therefore ask the reader's earnest attention and charitable long-suffering.

The fly, the cast, and some yards of the line lie on the water, down stream from the angler, at the moment that he throws the rod upward and upstream to something like an angle of 45deg. pointing behind his head. This upward throw of the rod carries out over the water upstream as much of the line as the rod, when raised to something like the perpendicular, had lifted off the water, and lays it for a moment on the water again behind or beside the thrower, whence it is immediately shot out again, in a straight line, the fly alighting last. The force of the belly of the line going out over the water is sufficient to lift off the water the end of the line with the cast and fly, and to carry these out in a straight line away from the thrower and lay them down, the fly being the last to touch the water, and touching it at the point furthest from the thrower. That is a very rough general description of the throw. Two points, even from this rough description, should appear; first, that it is important that the rod should be a long one, since it is evident that the longer the rod the greater the length of the line that it can lift off the water before the actual throw is begun; and, secondly, that it is important that the line be a fairly heavy one, since it is the momentum of the belly of the line that has to pick up the tail of the line and the cast and fly off the water and carry them out. In point of fact we do find the rods in use on the Spey of full 18ft. in length, of special make, and the lines heavy.



W. A. Rouch.

FARTHEST BACK.

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The weight of the line further suggests that the rod should be a powerful as well as a long one, and this, too, we find to be the character of the rods in use. Nevertheless, an ordinary 18ft. or even 16ft. split cane rod with steel centre will do all that ordinary situations require in the way of the Spey throw; but the line *must* be a fairly heavy one. That is a *sine qua non*.

We will now attempt a more detailed account of the methods of this throw, beginning with the moment at which the fly, after being thrown rather across and rather down stream, has swung round, through the main current, and has virtually ceased business in the still water at the edge of the river. The first thing, by way of preparing for the new throw, is to raise the rod steadily, drawing the point of the rod rather in the upstream direction as you do so. The effect of this is that by the time you have the rod in the position shown in the illustration

No. 1, and named LIFTING, a considerable part of the line is lifted off the water and held more or less straight, from point of rod to the point where the line touches water, by the drag of the tail of the line lying rather at an angle to it, down stream. Then you begin to put a little more life into the stroke. You have taken it just as far as you can take it by the lifting method. The further actions are quicker, yet still they must be smooth. You bring the rod back to the position No. 2, called FARTHEST BACK, and then with a sense of the right psychological moment, that a little practice, and nothing but practice, will give you, bring the rod forward again with a well-timed even swing, as shown by the strain on THE FORWARD-GOING ROD in No. 3 illustration. This movement is continued until the point of the rod almost touches the water (it makes no matter if it does touch it quite), as is shown in picture No. 4, THE BELLING LINE. In the original photograph the bellinging line is actually to be seen; and that is why we have selected this photograph of a left-handed throw by way of illustration, in a series of right-handed throwings. Of course all operations are the same, *mutatis mutandis*. But in case this line may not actually appear in the reproduction, it may be said that it goes in the direction of an elliptical curve, convex upwards, from the point of the rod, cutting in half the church steeple. That will indicate the direction of the curve well enough. And in order to form itself into this curve the line had to do several things after reaching the point seen in picture No. 2. All subsequent movements of the rod backwards and forwards will have tended to drawing the fly further and further up stream, until not many yards of line are left on the water at all. And when the rod point was thrown down to the water's level, and the upper part of the line sent out curving over the river, the weight of this curving part of the line and its momentum has picked up the tail of the line off the stream—at first with a slight inclination up stream—and will then take it straight out in the direction indicated to it by the direction in which the rod point has been brought down to the water, in a beautiful concave curve that lays the fly on the water last, and furthest from the thrower. The manner in which the fly comes out from under the curving part of the line, thanks to the slight up-stream inclination that the tail end of the line has



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THE FORWARD-GOING ROD.

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when it first leaves the water, is very pretty, giving the idea that the fly must know that its business is to escape the threatened entanglement. Then the line all uncurls most beautifully, as THE THROWER WATCHES THE FLY ALIGHT, at the end of 30yds. of line going out (as it almost seems of its own initiative), drawn spinning out, in sober fact, by the weight of the bellinging line.

After a fashion, as has been said, this Spey throw can be done with any rod, but power in the butt and even spring throughout are of such advantage that the convenience of the ordinary jointed rod is generally sacrificed to them in the rods in common use on the Spey. The true Spey rod is glued, spliced, and whipped throughout, never taken to pieces. With ash butt, hickory centre-piece, and lancewood top, the whole is welded into a weapon of most responsive play to the hand. The spring is more evenly distributed than can possibly be the case in a rod with rigid joints. Most rods are rather too supple at the butt, giving too much in the hand, for Spey throwing. There is no throw in which the fisher is more dependent on his rod; for in point of fact he does but give the direction and the time, the rod "does the rest." The rod doing its work, while the thrower looks on, is well shown in the illustration No. 5.

The last two illustrations are interesting as showing, in the first, THE SPLASH OF THE LINE ON THE WATER BEFORE GOING OUT, and in the second THE LINE CUTTING THE WATER AS IT GOES OUT.

There are some fishermen, uninitiated in the Spey throw, who speak of it rather in terms of "flicking" and of "switching." Any notion of jerky action, such as these words convey, is wholly out of place, and should be banished from the category of him who would learn to make this throw aright. The throw is one long, steady swing from the time you have lifted the rod till the throw is finished.

Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox has been good enough to write the following account of this evasive business: "I should describe the movements as follows: 1. Lift the rod so as to clear a sufficient amount of line to enable you to lift the rest out of the water. You may then pause for a second to prepare yourself for the effect of the throw. 2. A long steady swing, without jerk or pause, in an up-stream direction. 3. When your arm is fully extended up stream, continue the



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THE BELLING LINE.

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long steady swing, only changing the direction to where you want your fly to go.

"The advantages of this over overhead throwing are: 1. The immense saving of labour, in that your arm is never above the level of your shoulder, and (2) the length of line you can throw, which is limited only by the amount you can lift out of the water. Obviously you can deal with more line when you have only to take it out of the water, swing it along at a low level, and put it into the water again, than if you have to lift the whole amount to a great height over your head, quite apart from the question of banks and trees behind you."

The words of the expert! wherein, if we can grasp it, lies the secret of his expertness. But these are mysteries that are not easy of comprehension. Patience and perseverance are the keys that unlock them—patient and persevering practice, based on a sufficient knowledge of the principles to prevent their misapplication. The principles we have endeavoured, as best we may, to make as plain as written words may make them. We must pray, in return, the best intelligence of the "pupil-reader" in helping to clear the seeming tangled skein of this complicated yet simple Spey throw.

Artis est celare artem; it's mighty easy when you know how.



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THE THROWER WATCHES THE FLY ALIGHT.

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IN THE GARDEN.

RHODODENDRON PINK PEARL.

WE were charmed with this hybrid Rhododendron, shown by the president of the Royal Horticultural Society, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., recently. The flower clusters had been gathered from a plant in the open garden, and this is, of course, a point of much importance, as one wants to know whether such splendid acquisitions as these are happy in our climate. Sir Trevor Lawrence's garden is at Burford, Dorking, so that this Rhododendron may be trusted elsewhere than in Cornwall or Devonshire. It has probably the Himalayan *R. Aucklandi* for one of its parents, and the individual flowers are about 4in. across, firm, and of a delightfully bright rose pink, which pales off to almost white with age; hence there is a variety of colouring. Many flowers appear in each truss, and the plant when in full bloom must be a revelation in the garden. It is unquestionably one of the most beautiful hybrid Rhododendrons of recent years.

NEW SINGLE ROSES.

We may apparently anticipate a flood of new single Roses, and if they are beautiful in growth and flower we shall welcome them as priceless gifts to our gardens. Two new hybrids were shown recently and attracted considerable attention. One was named *Pink Roamer*, and came from Messrs. William Paul and Son's nursery at Waltham Cross. The name is appropriate. It is one of the roaming *Wichuriana* hybrids, a hybrid that flings its graceful shoots about in wild profusion, making streams of leaves, relieved by pure rose-coloured flowers. The plant exhibited at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society was attached to a stout stem, and the shoots fell over gracefully, suggesting that this Rose will be acceptable for pergolas, rockwork, and similar positions. We write rockwork for the reason that one of the parents, *Rosa Wichuriana*, is known as the *Creeping Rose*, because of its creeping shoots. In *Pink Roamer* this characteristic trait is not so pronounced, but by no means obliterated. The other Rose was sent by Messrs. Paul and Son of Cheshunt. This is a form of the beautiful *Rosa sinica*, and named *Anemone*. Its large flowers with their broad firm petals are bright yet soft rose in colour, and wreath the shoots. We shall be surprised if this Rose does not become one of the most popular of climbing single kinds in the near future.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

It is quite time that all bedding and sub-tropical plants were in the garden, and the recent warm rains will have assisted them to become established quickly. Continue to make sowings of biennial flowers, which are so handsome when



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SPLASH OF LINE ON WATER BEFORE GOING OUT.

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LINE CUTTING THE WATER AS IT GOES OUT.

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grouped. We mean the Canterbury Bells, particularly the pure white variety, Foxgloves, Antirrhinums, and such-like. It is simply necessary to sow the seed thinly in a cold frame or even in the open ground, but a frame is best, as then the seedlings are more under control. An ordinary wooden frame is of much use in the garden, and in it may be raised numberless things, Primroses, Auriculas, Pansies, Canterbury Bells, Wallflowers, and Polyanthus, besides many annuals. The greenhouse will now require shading with some light cover to break the full force of the sun's rays. Of course a roller blind is best, as then it is a very simple matter to regulate the degree of light, and the plants are not perpetually in half-shade. Window and room plants may be placed in the open when gentle showers are prevalent, as these are of great assistance to the plants.

A NEW STRAWBERRY.

We are very pleased to know that efforts are being made to create a race of Strawberries of value for their flavour. Too many varieties are as flavourless as turnips, mere bags of water, insipid and unpleasant. Messrs. Laxton & Prothers, of Bedford, who have for several years past devoted special attention to Strawberries, and have raised such famous varieties as Royal Sovereign and Latest of All, showed at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society a new kind named Trafalgar. It was unanimously given an award of merit, and is the result of crossing Latest of All with the delicious Frogmore Late, which imparts to the new variety its free growth and vigour. Evidently Trafalgar may be regarded as useful for forcing, and its freedom with regard to fruit is undoubted. All these qualities, combined with flavour, should make this a variety of considerable importance.

THE DOUBLE FURZE.

When in Lord Aldenham's garden at Elstree recently, we were much pleased with big groups of the double Furze which were planted near the house, and on the rocks by lake and stream. We have never seen a freer use of a shrub that seems unaccountably slow in making its way into English gardens, but we should plant it always in preference to the kind of the common and rough bank. The double Furze has quite double flowers, and an intense yellow colour, much richer than those of the single species, and lasting longer in beauty because so thoroughly double. It comes very true always, and for covering a rough bank or woodland it is worth grouping freely and well. Its double yellow, or rather orange, flowers gain in intensity of colour against the sombre green stems.

THE WISTARIA.

The illustration accompanying these notes is of the old Wistaria in the Royal Gardens, Kew, which has been for many days past surfaced with its pale lilac flower clusters. This is the kind of picture that gladdens the Japanese garden, in which the Wistaria produces trails of flowers quite 3ft. in length, and species and varieties that seldom succeed well here are there quite happy. *W. multijuga* has the longest flower clusters, but in England this species unfortunately gives sparingly of its blossoms, whilst the beautiful white form (*alba*) and the double variety are also somewhat difficult to please. The Wistaria at Kew is one of the most interesting features of the gardens, and the illustration shows an unusual way of growing the sturdy climber.

ROSE MME. MOREAU.

A well-known rosarian sends us the following note about this beautiful Rose: "This is one of the most beautiful of the Gloire de Dijon race. I have never seen it to better advantage than upon a standard growing under glass. The flower resembles that of the newer variety, Sunrise, although without its wealth of rich reddish carmine colouring on the outer petals, which is such a distinguishing feature of this latter novelty. The colour of Mme. Moreau is coppery yellow, with a deeper centre and shaded with rosy apricot. It is really a strong-growing Tea, usually classed with the climbers, and if not grown as a standard, the best place for it under glass would be either upon one of the pillars or a wall, but there is a great gain by growing this class of Rose as standards. Not only does one obtain in proportion more blossom, but there is less obstruction of the light for the other occupants of the house. This Rose and Mme. Chauvy are two charming kinds to grow in the borders outdoors where they can have their freedom. I should not advise the pegging-down system, but it amounts almost to the same thing, except the absence of formality. Instead of tying up the long annual shoots to a stake, just leave them to grow as they like; the result will be many branches saddled all over with flower buds, and they are in their way quite as useful for button-holes as those of *W. A. Richardson*, and certainly more reliable as to colour."

HISTORY OF THE SHIRLEY POPPIES.

The Shirley Poppy is so well known that we need not describe it; but the following history of it by the raiser, the Rev. W. Wilks, the well-known vicar of Shirley, and secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, will interest our readers. It was given in the *Garden* lately in an account of Mr. Wilks's work on horticulture: "My name may be known throughout the world as secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, but my Shirley Poppies are even more widely known, and that far more deservedly, for there is no country under the sun (except, perhaps, Patagonia and Thibet) to which I have not sent seeds gratuitously, and I am told that in the streets of Yokohama and of Rio, of Vancouver and of Melbourne, of Paris, Shanghai, and Berlin, of Cairo,

Philadelphia, and Madrid, Shirley Poppies are freely advertised for sale. They arose in this way: In 1880 I noticed in a waste corner of my garden abutting on the fields a patch of the common wild field Poppy (*Papaver Rhæas*), one solitary flower of which had a very narrow edge of white. This one flower I marked, and saved the seed of it alone. Next year out of perhaps two hundred plants I had four or five on which all the flowers were edged. The best of these were marked and the seed saved, and so for several years, the flower all the while getting a larger infusion of white to tone down the red until they arrived at quite pale pink and one plant absolutely pure white. I then set myself to change the central portions of the flowers from black to yellow or white, and having at last fixed a strain with petals varying in colour from the brightest scarlet to pure white, with all shades of pink between and all varieties of flakes and edged flowers also, but all having yellow or white stamens, anthers, and pollen, and a white base—having fixed the strain, I distributed it to amateurs and nurserymen alike free gratis for nothing, without favour or want of it to any. To be asked has with me always been to give. My ideal is to get a yellow *P. Rhæas*, and I have already obtained many distinct shades of salmon. The Shirley Poppies have thus been obtained simply by selection and elimination. By 'selection' I mean the saving seed only from selected flowers, and by 'elimination' the instant and total eradication of any plant that bears inferior flowers. To prevent these infecting the better ones, I am about among my flowers between three and four o'clock in the morning, so as to pull up and destroy the bad ones before the bees have a chance of conveying their pollen to the others. It is the absence of this eliminating work which makes it so difficult (almost impossible) for any but an enthusiast to keep the strain true and pure. Let it be noticed that true Shirley Poppies (1) are single, (2) always have a white base with (3) yellow or white stamens, anthers, and pollen, (4) never have the smallest particle of black about them. Double Poppies and Poppies with black centres may be greatly admired by some, but they are not Shirley Poppies. It is rather interesting to reflect that



THE OLD WISTARIA IN THE ROYAL GARDENS KEW.

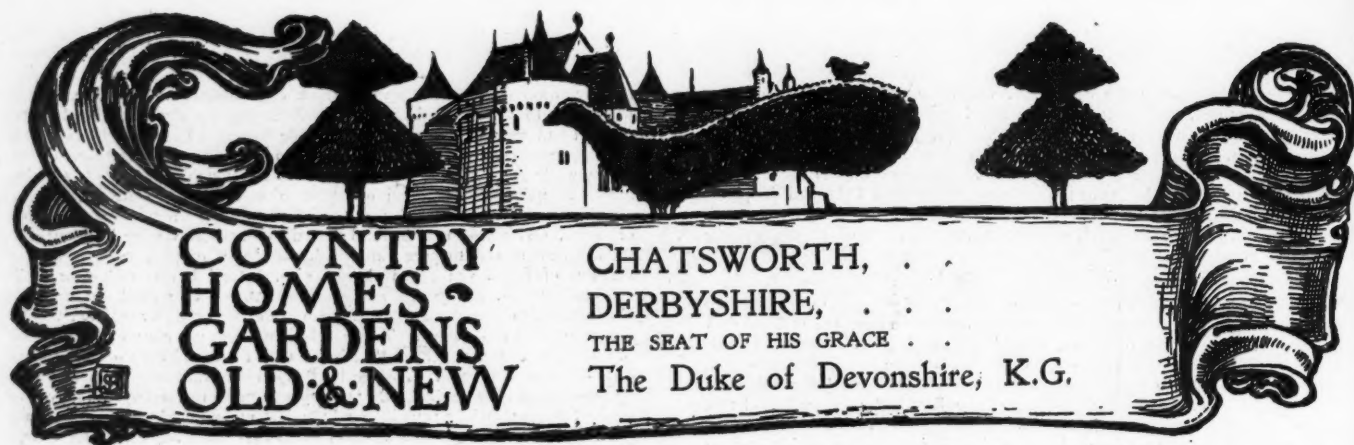
the gardens of the whole world—rich man's and poor man's alike—are to-day furnished with Poppies which are the direct descendants of one single capsule of seed raised in the garden of Shirley Vicarage so lately as August, 1880."

SPREKELIA FORMOSISSIMA.

This showy bulbous plant is more generally met with in gardens under the name of *Amaryllis* than that of *Sprekelia*. While the finest hybrid forms of *Amaryllis* or *Hippeastrum* produce flowers almost circular in outline, and with segments so broad that they overlap one another, they are in this *Sprekelia* widely separated, especially between the upper and lower portions of the flower. The most striking feature of this *Sprekelia* is the intense blood-crimson of the blossoms, a tint represented among few flowering plants. Known as the Jacobaea Lily, it is much grown by some of the Dutch cultivators, and can be purchased cheaply in the autumn when dormant. It is said to have been introduced from Mexico in 1658, and is now acclimatised in many tropical, and fairly temperate countries. Few plants lend themselves to such different modes of culture as this *Sprekelia*, for, brought on in a brisk heat, it will flower quite early in the year; then treated as a greenhouse plant it blooms in late spring and early summer, while planted out in a narrow border in front of a hothouse, as *Amaryllis Belladonna* is usually treated, the *Sprekelia* will often do well.

ANDROSACE CARNEA.

This is, perhaps, the best of its class for the majority of English gardens; it is less dense and woolly, and is therefore less generally affected by fogs and by damp. In spring, when dotted over with the pale pink flowers, it is very charming. These plants succeed infinitely better if gathered up—quite carefully it must be—and planted firmly in very gritty loam. Often they root very freely from the under-side of the stems, and when buried in the soil they do this the more readily, and in the ultimate expanse of the tufts are supported by a much better central root action.



"**S**IC vos non vobis"—that might well be the motto of the Cavendish family rather than that punning one, *Cavendo tutus*, "Secure by caution," which is shown under the three bucks' heads, cabossed argent, which are their arms, and the serpent rowed proper, which is their crest, and the two bucks proper, each wreathed round the neck with a chaplet of roses alternately argent and azure, which are the supporters. That great pile of buildings, those woods, those gardens, terraces, cascades, temples, Mary's bower, the painted hall, the historic pictures, the chapel, the state rooms, and all that beautiful landscape around are the property, as tenant for life most probably, of that steadfast servant of his country and his Queen, Spencer Compton Cavendish, Knight of the Garter, and possessed of many other titles of distinction besides, and eighth Duke of Devonshire. But, to quote Rev. A. H. Malan, who has written of the stately palace of the Cavendishes with much loving care, eighty-four thousand persons are computed to visit Chatsworth every year, and visitors are not excluded even when the Duke and Duchess are in residence. Hence comes it that there can be little, if any, privacy in Chatsworth, spacious as it is in every way, generous as are the lines upon which everything, whether within the doors or without, has been conceived and executed. Other noblemen, possessed of princely houses, follow the like practice to such an extent that their great houses can hardly be regarded as their homes, but rather as examples of architecture,

as treasure houses of art, as historical museums, which of their own mere grace and goodness they hold as trustees for the public; and those who have visited such houses as guests, and not merely as members of the public, are well aware of the many devices which the rightful inhabitants are compelled to employ in order to escape from the admiring and curious sightseer. The whole practice and custom may be taken to explain very largely the agreeable fact that the position of the great landed gentry of Great Britain is established on a far more stable basis than that of the territorial aristocracy of any Continental State; and Chatsworth is perhaps the very best example of this happy state of things. At law it is private property; in fact it is open to all the world; its owner appreciates as fully as any living man the responsibilities of his high position; he allows his house to be in effect a glorious public institution.

Having said this much, there remains the difficulty of choosing how to begin upon this great subject and how to treat of it within a limited space, for it would be a simple matter to write a volume upon the history of the great house and the many rare and splendid things which it contains within its walls, and another upon what the technical horticulturists call the "lay out" of the grounds and gardens and the glasshouses, which are the most complete example of the genius, perfect in its kind—although it may not commend itself to all tastes—of Sir Joseph Paxton. It was here that this, the most highly honoured of the gardeners of





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CHATSWORTH: THE WEST FACADE.

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THE ENTRANCE TO THE WEST TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

his day, who had entered the service of the then Duke as a gardener at Chiswick, who afterwards became a Member of Parliament and architect of the Crystal Palace, and a knight, really enjoyed the opportunity of showing upon an ample canvas, in a supremely beautiful country, and with ample resources at his disposal, what he could do at his best. It is here that his work may be studied to the most advantage. But there is so much more to be mentioned, if anything approaching to a complete account of Chatsworth in any other form than that of a catalogue were to be attempted, that one knows not where to begin. There are many rooms with sombre panelling of carved

oak. There are pictures by Holbein, Zuccherò, Sir Joshua Rembrandt, Luca Giordano, Watteau, Salvator Rosa, Landseer, Verrio, and many others; and they are nearly all famous, and, thanks to the generosity of the Duke in lending them for exhibition, nearly all familiar even to those who have not had the opportunity of visiting their customary resting place. Who does not know Holbein's Henry VIII., Zuccherò's Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Joshua's "Beautiful Duchess," "Bolton Abbey," and so forth almost *ad infinitum*? The chapel, with its painting by Verrio, its carving by the unrivalled hand of Grinling Gibbons, is one of the wonders of England; and all England contains no

such complete gathering of curious and precious statuary as that which was made by the Great Duke, whose personal notes upon his collection are of such priceless value that they may well be repeated from Mr. Malan's article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of February, 1897:

The Wounded Venus was made by Pietro Tenerani, a pupil of Thorwaldsen.

The Pedestal of Kessel's Discolobus contains a *tour de force* of the Swedish porphyry cutters, to show how minutely they could work these hard materials. Campbell took fourteen years to complete the statue of the Princess Pauline Borghese; she sat repeatedly to him for the bust, and gave him casts of her hand, foot, and nose. . . . Inserted in the pedestal of this are twenty-six medallions, cast of the iron ore of Elba by the order of Napoleon during his residence there. . . .

Canova kept the large bust of Napoleon in his bedroom till his dying day; he finished it from the study of the colossal statue now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington. I know no other authentic bust of Napoleon by Canova.

The Lions give but a faint idea of the astonishing nature and effect of Canova's by the tomb of Clement XIV., in St. Peter's; the sleeping one is by Rinaldi, the other by Francesco Benaglia.



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THE PALM HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Schadow's Filatrice . . . was often repeated; the untouched surface of the column on which it is placed came from Trajan's Forum.

Madame Mère, first acquired treasure, next to Endymion the most valued; Canova made no repetition of it. . . Lord H—— found the single word (on the pedestal), that expresses so much, in the Iliad—*δυσπαίστορεία*, "unfortunate mother of the greatest of men."

Thorwaldsen's Venus . . . arrived broken in three pieces; a bracelet, hiding the fracture in the arm, is one that the Princess Pauline procured when she went into mourning on the death of Napoleon, and she gave it to me for this object.

The roccchio of pale verde antico was found by Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, in her excavations that brought to light the pedestal and history of the column of Phocas and the surrounding pavement in the Roman Forum.

Endymion was finished by Canova. The quality of the marble was so fine, so hard, so crystalline, that Canova would not change it on account of the stain in the arm; that on the cheek he liked, and thought it represented the sunburnt hunter's hue.

The wounded Achilles is by Albacini; the granite tazza was made at Berlin from a pebble from the sands of Brandenburg.

In a word, or in a sentence, there is an unrivalled collection of art treasures within, there is the finest example of the work of a very notable gardener without. Complete description being out of the question, it is therefore proposed, after an introduction which may convey some idea of the vast scale on which Chatsworth is framed, to allude to one or two historical and general matters, reserving for a second article the lay out of the gardens and the many striking scenes in them, with which our illustrations are for the most part concerned.

Chatsworth as it is is stately, massive, and imposing, rather than exquisitely beautiful, save in point of situation. Yet its very solidity and substance are in harmony with the status of its owner, patron of no less than thirty-nine livings, owner also of



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THE HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Hardwick Hall, of Bolton Abbey, of Compton Place near Eastbourne, and of Lismore Castle in the County Waterford. It is essentially ducal. It was built by the first Duke, who was created in 1694, and it was extended and adorned by the sixth Duke, who succeeded in 1811, and died unmarried in 1858. Of the old Chatsworth and its surroundings one of our illustrations, the fruit of research in the British Museum, will serve to give some idea. Its very quaintness may also cause a feeling of regret that the ancient building and its surroundings have been so completely obliterated, but the regret may be assuaged by the thought that these ancient plans and prints are frequently found to be more quaint than accurate. In that ancient Chatsworth Mary Queen of Scots was placed in confinement by Elizabeth.



Rev. A. H. Manlan.

THE CASCADE.

Copyright

Thither was sent the Bishop of Ross, who reported that his mistress was willing to submit to the Queen and to Cecil, and to accept any conditions which they might dictate, since, "after so many storms her wish was to live in quietness." But Elizabeth did not believe the smooth-spoken bishop, nor, unfortunately, from the romantic point of view is it possible to believe in the traditions connecting two rooms, now swept away, with the name of Mary Stuart. The very state bed on which she was supposed to have slept had, as the inexorable Mr. Malan points out, ducal coronets on its feet; which was unfortunate, for Mary Stuart was at Chatsworth in 1593, and the first Duke was created exactly 104 years later. It is, however, just conceivable that the first Duke, flushed with his new honours, may have caused the ducal coronet to be imposed upon the furniture of more ancient date. All that can be sworn to in the house as having been present during the period of Mary Queen of Scots is a turned staircase in the north-east corner, and, perhaps, her bower. That, indeed, even now, when the creepers have veiled some of its uncompromising outline, is grim and sullen beyond belief, and one can well imagine that, if Mary was indeed ever confined there, she would have been ready to promise anything—not that she always or even often kept her promises—to secure her escape. But, for the rest, we must be content to realise that the Chatsworth of to-day is as different as it is humanly possible for it to be, house, landscape and all, from the Chatsworth in which Mary ate out her heart, and plotted in vain, and mourned over her futile ambitions. The sky is there, and the river, and the lovely and undulating Derbyshire country; but for the rest all is changed. No part of the ancient house remains;



Valentine

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

Dundee.

the gardens are all new; the very face of Nature has been changed by the woods which Sir Joseph Paxton planted and grouped with a masterly hand. It is with these that we shall deal in our next article.

Books of the Day

PITY the sorrows of a poor reviewer who is subject, like more fortunate individuals, to the

limitations of time and cannot get through more than a limited number of books within a given number of hours. In selecting my books for this week I began with a joyful heart upon "The Shadow of Allah" (John Long), by Mr. Morley Roberts and Mr. Max Montezole in collaboration. The joyful heart came from the memory of "The Plunderers," which had obliterated that of "The Colossus." But the joy faded. I found "The Shadow of Allah" dull; and so, since I do not go out of my way to find fault with a book unless there is some special reason for doing so, I picked up "Bettina," by May Crommelin, issued by the same publisher. It is at least due to Miss Crommelin to blurt out the truth that the same practised novel reader, on the same night, read her book through from cover to cover and enjoyed it very much, although Mr. Morley Roberts and his friend had been too much for him and had driven him back to the opinion that Mr. Morley Roberts, like Mr. Kipling, but in a minor degree, is one of the most variable writers on earth. Miss Crommelin's book, on the other hand, was taken up with no such joyful hope. Something had to be read—and reading novels for business is by no means the same thing as reading them for mere pleasure—and an hour or two had been wasted. But—and it is a very large "but"—I forgot all about the time wasted and the thought of work to be done, which ought to have loomed large in the foreground. I forgot to be critical of phrase or even of spelling, and the story obtained possession of me. Then, when one came to look back upon the story, to analyse it, and to ask the question, which matters very little really, why it had served to keep the attention, it became plain that it was a very ordinary and human story, and that the strength of it lay in its appeal to the sympathy, and in the perfection of what is called local colour. It was not just a plot and dialogues, scattered broadcast in places which were named and nothing



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THE RING POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE WELLINGTON ROCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

more. It was life, and it was movement, and the people were real. Alexander Anderson was an English merchant, of Scottish extraction, and with a childless wife, living at St. Petersburg. Returning with his wife one night, he found affixed to the door handle by a tress of hair a basket containing a baby and a scrap of paper, "Pity poor Bettina." His wife adopted the baby; he kept the tress of hair and the scrap of paper. Meanwhile the mother, who was really the Princess Baratinsky, went off and rescued her husband from prison in Siberia. Anderson returned to England to repair the mischief wrought by his brother Peter in the affairs of the firm. A woman was seen to be hanging round the house in the guise of a flower girl. She was really the Princess Baratinsky, whose husband had been spirited away from her into Siberia again by an unjust steward, named Gaddi. Anderson had an interview with her, which was interrupted by Mrs. Anderson, who was jealous and refused to hear the truth. Mrs. Anderson had a baby of her own, and grew cold to Bettina, and fell ill and died; and at the same time Anderson, owing to further defalcations on the part of brother Peter, had to go abroad for some years, and left Bettina with an ample allowance in the care of Peter and his wife. Bettina objected, but Anderson told her that if things became intolerable she would be received at St. Michael's Convent, Marylebone (of which the child's mother had spoken to him). In spite of a delightful boy, cramming for the Navy, Rob Fairfax, things did become quite unbearable, and Bettina fled to the convent, and, little knowing it, to her mother's arms. The night scene which followed is distinctly pretty. Marie, it should be remembered, was the girl's mother, who believed her husband to be dead.

"Marie rose to her knees, catching her breath, and resting both hands on the bed, gazed close into the sleeping girl's face.

"Betty turned uneasily, stretched herself with the grace of a young animal, then opened her eyes under that eager blue gaze which met her own wildly and so near. She started up.

"What do you want? . . . Ah, it is you! My kind friend, forgive me! You almost frightened me, only I never am frightened."

"Her low laugh, hardly more than a chuckle, had a peculiar ring, suggesting self-reliance. Marie threw up her hands.

"Child, that laugh! Your face and fair hair! You must be a Norwegian; say, who was your father, your mother? You bring my own mother back to my mind; you are her living likeness. Speak!"

"Poor dear soul! Mad, but kind and harmless," flashed through Betty's mind. She answered soothingly:

"My own dear mother had golden hair too. See, here is some of hers in one side of this picture-case; and that is the portrait of my dear father, who is travelling in the East."

"Marie gazed at the slender coil, at the photograph of Anderson, pushing back her hair in agitation, as she tried to think.

"Meanwhile Betty went on gently explaining: 'I put it under my pillow last night to feel as if someone cared for me; you see I felt a little lonely, although you were like a mother—'

"Hush, hush! No mother am I, but an unnatural wretch, who would sacrifice her child, as herself, for the sake of the one she loved. . . . Ah! I remember this man's face! But my head swims."

"Your name—his—for pity's sake—quick!"

"He is Mr. Anderson, and I am called Bettina, his adopted—"

"Then Marie gave an exceeding piercing cry, and threw up her arms.

"Bettina! my child! my child!"

"Betty trembled very greatly, for the cry had gone straight to her soul, and an echo of its yearning returned from her own lips, low-breathed. Yet she held back.

"Is it possible? But my mother must be dead! See, here is a letter of hers, desiring I should come to the reverend mother if ever I wanted shelter

. . . You see it would be frightful if we made a mistake, for—Oh! why do you look at me so? . . . Mother!"

"And Betty flung herself forward, clasping the thin form of the woman, who stood upright, with down-dropped arms, as if rejected of her own daughter, whom she had once deserted; and the daughter impetuously embraced her, showered kisses upon her, called her by a thousand loving names. "Child—little Bettina—it should be I—not you! Oh, you break my heart!" faltered Marie, her figure swaying, her head falling faintly on Betty's shoulder.

"Then, part guided by the girl, part by instinct, the poor woman leant towards the bed, and swooned upon it."

That is true emotion, of the kind which neither man nor woman need be ashamed of showing; and after the meeting of mother and daughter the story moves quickly. Bettina goes back to Peter Anderson's, but under much better conditions, is kidnapped by Gaddi, and taken to an island off the Italian coast, of which her father, who has been alive all the time really, is Prince. Gaddi, who has deceived the Prince into believing his wife dead and is poisoning him slowly, desires to marry Bettina and to succeed to the estate, and tries all sorts of devilish contrivances, but Fairfax comes in as the Fairy Prince and sets all things right after no end of fighting. That is all; but I am more than usually conscious of having done injustice to a pure and a strong story, simply because there is so much incident in it; but let it be said again, the story is strong, and it is pure.

Of a very different stamp, and, it must be added, of a character far from pleasant, is another book issued by the same publisher. It is entitled "Ada Vernham, Actress," and it is the work of that lurid and powerful writer, Mr. Richard Marsh. While I must confess that I read it through from cover to cover at a sitting, or rather at a lying, which is at least evidence that it is interesting, it cannot honestly be recommended for the use of quiet or ordinary households. It is crammed full of horrors of all kinds, and by no means all the horrors can be described as nice. To this it may be said, "Why mention such a book at all?" But the answer is really fairly obvious. The reviewer owes certain duties to his readers, and amongst them is that of warning them when the meat is strong. Now this meat is very strong indeed; but allowance having been made for that, it must be conceded that it is well cooked and even daintily served.

Everybody who knows dogs and dog shows is familiar with the face and figure of Mr. Charles Henry Lane, breeder, judge, and exhibitor. There are probably few men in the kingdom, other than dealers, through the hands of whom more dogs have passed than through those of Mr. Lane. It was therefore good news that he had written "All About Dogs: A Book for Doggy People" (John Lane), with eighty-seven illustrations of the most celebrated champions of our time, drawn from life by Mr. R. H. Moore. Candour, however, compels the admission that in some respects the book is a disappointment. In every such book the illustrations, if there are any at all, ought to be first-rate from the artistic point of view. It can hardly be said of Mr. Moore's portraits, of more than sixty champions of their respective varieties, that they are satisfactory from the artistic point of view. They are likenesses, not portraits, and, although some of them are better than others, too many of them are stiff and wooden. Mr. Lane's letter-press is that of a man who knows his subject to the finger tips, and the book, as a whole, is pleasant and readable; but I could find it in my heart to wish that Mr. Lane had given us a little more of his abundant knowledge of the management of the friend of man in health and sickness, and that he had resisted more manfully the fatal fascination to wander in the cool shade of the chestnut grove. Mr. Lane's personal recollections are excellent, but one grudges every page taken away from that which he might have written about management to the relation of stories from Pickwick, William Howitt, Burchell, and even the *Daily Mail*.

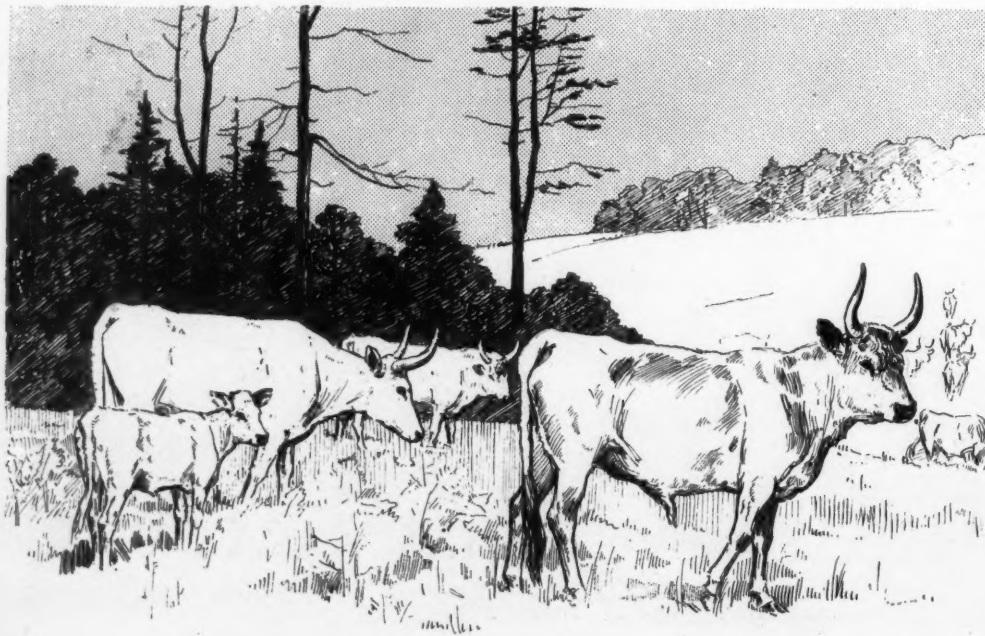
THE WILD BULLS OF CHILLINGHAM.

MODERN accounts of the ancient breeds of white cattle remaining in a semi-wild state in some of our English parks generally begin with a discussion as to whether they are or are not something which Cæsar and the natural

history books which he "read up" on winter nights in camp called a *urus*. For the present we propose to take a very strong and original line, and to leave out altogether the great question whether the Chillingham bull is a *urus* or not. What everyone

would like to think is that at Chillingham and at Lord Ferrers's park at Chartley in Staffordshire, and at Cadzow and Lime Hall, and one or two other places, the white cattle are the direct descendants of the wild herds which undoubtedly did live in the great forests of the island. Sir Walter Scott cherished this idea, and wrote a very spirited account of what he thought the animal was like, so good that, though it has often been quoted, it might be quoted again.

It is perfectly possible that they might have been "taken up" from the forest, just as the wild cattle of Assam, the big black gayals, are taken up every year now. On the other hand, it is very unlikely that any wild cattle, not bison, but genuine cattle, would have naturally almost exactly the same points as are required in the finest breeds of domestic cattle of to-day. A Chillingham steer, for instance, won a prize at the fat stock show at Smithfield in open competition. It seems more probable to anyone acquainted with the



CHILLINGHAM BULLS.

history and nature of man's earliest property, pedigree cattle, that this was a very ancient, very choice strain, kept about the demesnes of the aboriginal chiefs, and later on the properties of the Norman nobles. The idea gains strength from the fact also that the Welsh chieftains, who represented the aboriginal Britons as closely as was possible, and like many half-savage potentates had quite first-class cattle, are known to have had herds of highly-prized white cows and oxen. One lady of Brecknockshire, Maude de Breor, sent 400 white cows and one bull as a present to



ROOTING IN THE EARTH.

King John. A Welsh writer also gave an account of white cattle with red ears, like those at Chillingham, in the tenth century.

It seems probable the survivors at Chillingham and elsewhere are the descendants of some such strain, originally so good, and so permanent that they reproduce their points with unfailing regularity. It is a great pity that no photographs were able to be taken 300 years ago of the Chartley bulls. Judging from the permanence of type in those bred now they would have been exactly similar animals.

Fresh notes from these parks are always interesting, partly as bringing our knowledge of the state of the herd up to date, partly because, like the photographs, they are real records. The old plates of the bulls in natural history books were purely fancy articles. We have just been comparing them with that excellent animal painter's (Mr. Lionel Edwards) very correct and at the same time artistic drawings of the cattle at Chillingham, and with photographs. They were fictions—no more like a Chillingham bull than a buffalo. Mr. Lionel Edwards writes that at the time of his visit this year there were between fifty-five and sixty head, and that on the whole the herd tended to increase. "The number of the bulls has to be kept down if this is to go on, as the more bulls there are the fewer the calves. They are always shot from a cart, as this is the safest way to kill them. They very seldom attempt to touch the horse in the cart, as they are used to seeing it bring out extra rations of hay in the winter. Formerly they were shot from horseback, and then on foot; but the number of accidents so caused led to the use of the cart only. Lord Tankerville had a narrow escape when shooting from a pony. He only escaped by climbing a tree and remaining there till released by a keeper who shot the angry bull, but not before it had disembowelled the pony. The bulls are easily distinguished from the cows, even at a distance, because they are always covered with mud from rooting in the earth with their horns. This fierce and feral habit is common also to the Chartley bulls. It is seldom possible to get near them on foot, and not very safe. The nearest distance to which I could approach on foot in the open was 150 yds. Visitors are not allowed in the park without a keeper, and artists are not permitted to sketch without leave."

Landseer was the first person to make a true picture of the cattle. The subject appealed to him keenly. He used to stay at the castle for months together, constantly watching the cattle and lying perdu on the grass with a sketch-book, taking notes and drawings. The bulls fight constant battles for the mastery of the harem. Nearly every year there is a new king of the herd, last year's leader being driven away altogether, and rendered sulky and savage. The young bulls and even calves help to chase the conquered bull out of the common society. Defeated, and sometimes badly wounded, the older bull retires to the woods, and lies there solitary in the thickets. He is naturally dangerous; so also the cows with newly-dropped calves, which will charge at sight, as they did when described by writers years ago.

The horror which cattle have of all animals of the dog tribe is one of the most interesting survivals of the ancient state of things in the northern forests. The wolves, and probably before them the wild dogs, were always the hereditary foes of the calves of all cattle, whether wild or tame. Now, though we have not had a wild wolf in England for many years, all tame cattle hate dogs, which they know to be connected with wolves, by the inherited and traditional instinct of their race.

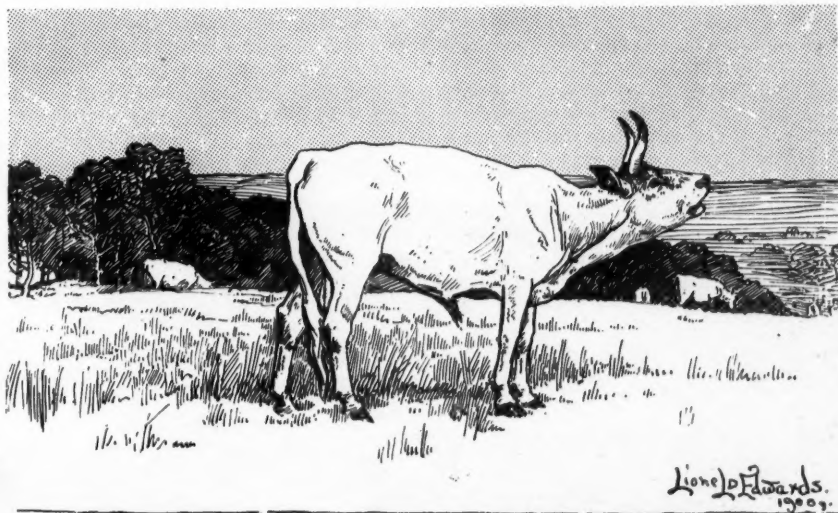
In the Chillingham cattle, which have lived outside the domesticated state for so many centuries, this hatred of the Canidæ would be expected to survive in an acute form. It does, and when a pack of hounds happen to enter the park—which they are not allowed to do, only accidents do happen—the wild cattle instantly conclude that they are a pack of wolves, their enemies of eight centuries ago, seeking what they may devour. They become simply frantic with rage and apprehension.

Mr. Lionel Edwards thinks that "there is no doubt that these cattle are the oldest and the wildest in Great Britain." The wildest certainly. Those at Chartley, Lord Ferrers's place in Staffordshire, which was anciently surrounded by Needwood Forest, were, we believe, as old, that is to say, their origin goes back to days beyond certain record. But they are surely the wildest. They live almost entirely in a natural state, like the bison of the Czar in the forest of Bielovège, recently shown in

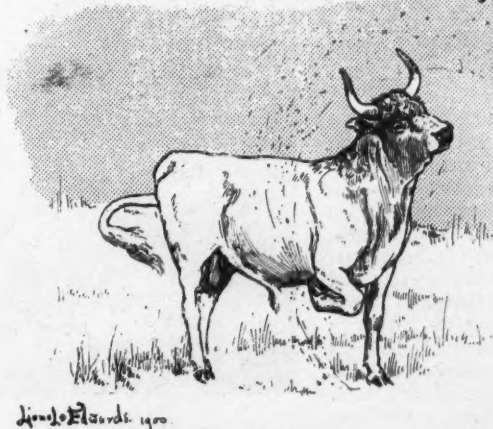
these pages. That they should have survived so long, and remained so wild in the limits of a not very large though very rough park, is astonishing. In height, length, and general appearance the Chillingham cattle resemble the West Highlanders, but their temper is very different. Highland cattle are a quiet race. The Chillingham herd are so excitable that they stampede on very trifling alarms. Calves are killed in these stampedes nearly every year. Three were lost at one time in this way. The park is very wild and wooded, and is a sanctuary for

a vast quantity of rabbits and game, as well as of fallow deer.

After some time Mr. Edwards was able to stalk the cattle from the woods. Some were in the woods. One bull was approached so close that it could have been touched by a walking-stick. He was uneasy—"so was I," adds Mr. Edwards—



A CHALLENGE.



PREPARING FOR A FIGHT.



THE FIGHT.

and kept snuffing the air, but a strong wind from him to the visitors so close to his flank made him unable to "feel" them. The keeper said that the best fight he had ever seen was between two bulls of equal weights. It ended, as is shown in the picture, by one of the bulls catching the other sideways and lifting him clean off the ground, so that he fell heavily on his back. He was quite helpless when he got up, and stood with water streaming from his mouth for some time. Bulls sometimes wound one another so badly that they have to be shot. The park makes a long shallow cup, with a piece of water at the bottom, and distant moorlands beyond. It has apparently no very special features, except abundant shelter, to account for the duration of the herd in health for so great a length of time on the same ground.

The Wicked and the Innocent.

THE first thing that occurs to me in connection with the first of these pretty little pictures is that when the men of the Powerful were at Windsor the other day a writer

in the *Daily News*, in a moment of happy inspiration, connected the cry of the jackdaws wheeling and circling round the castle towers with the familiar song, "They all love Jack," meaning by Jack the sailor. And they all love the roguish bird too, in spite of the fact that from the days of the jackdaw of Rheims even until now no virtuous act has been attributed to any jackdaw, and many mischievous deeds have been justly traced home to many jackdaws. Jack is mischievous, tame or wild, but he is engaging. Tame, he is a delightful companion, but a thief and a rascal. That which is bright he will commandeer; that which is dignified and demure, the domestic cat for example, he will tease beyond endurance; and his impudence and his confidence in your good nature are unlimited. It is said, too, on good authority that he will talk, especially if his tongue has been slit with an oyster-shell; but even though one may accept the former statement, one need

not endorse the latter, which is, on the face of it, absurd. Jack is every whit as mischievous wild as tame, and he will breed anywhere. In these three infant mischief-makers, caught by Mr. Reid in a very natural attitude and environment, you may discern much character. That eye of the middle bird speaks volumes, but not of sermons. They have been caught on the mountain-side, where, among crannies left by the glaciers of past ages, the jackdaws love to nest. They will hunt the cliff-side, too, or a rabbit burrow—as Gilbert White has noted—or Stonehenge itself, or a new building, so it be inaccessible enough, or an old, or they will find a nesting-place under the larger structure piled together by their big cousins the rooks. The jackdaw, says Mr. Aflalo, "is an insect destroyer on a large scale, one of its favourite feeding grounds being the backs of sheep or cattle"; but Mr. Aflalo has to admit that Dishonest Jack has a taste for fish and eggs. Nor—this is within my personal observation—does he stop here. I have shot him as he rose from a pheasant's nest, and I have found the eggs sucked. I

have watched him more than once swoop down into a poultry yard with all the fell impetuosity of a hawk, and depart with a callow chicken in his claws. He is the very incarnation of mischief, yet one has not the heart to shoot him in such fashion as to affect his numbers seriously. The remedy is to take the eggs while they are fresh, for they are excellent to eat, quite as good as plovers' eggs, and not nearly so expensive. I am not sure whether the law might not have something to say in the matter; but Justice is proverbially blind, and she would have to be keen of vision indeed to catch the birds'-nesting boy.

In marked contrast to the wicked but attractive jackdaws are the innocent and graceful and gentle, but somewhat dull, doves. These turtle-doves are no doubt of the same family as those referred to in the Scriptures as a fit subject for sacrifice and offering, or in that familiar saying: "The voice of the turtle is heard in the land." But their voices are the worst thing about them. Keep them as pets, and for a while you will be charmed with their gentle movements, their friendliness, and



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

"JACK! JACK! JACK!"

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C. Reid, Wishaw, N.E.

A PAIR OF TURTLE-DOVES.

Copyright

AUSPEX.

their graceful ways, but in time their monotonous half-laughing cry will get on to your nerves, and you will begin to wish that the doves, like the jackdaws, had a spice of the devil in them. But they have none; they are simply and tediously good and harmless, and that is why they are so dull. Still, personally, I have never had the heart to shoot one of them; but I have seen other sportsmen do so, and they have their excuses in that the birds are far more common than they used to be, that they offer some difficulty by reason of their twisting flight, and that they are quite good to eat, and, apart from their looks, they are quite the most uninteresting of the pigeon tribe.

CHANNEL ISLAND COWS.

AMONG dairymen there is a prejudice against both Jerseys and Guernseys. They are spoken of as "gentlemen's cows," as if for profitable purposes they were useless. Our first business is to see how far this objection is well-founded. If the object of the dairy be to supply milk on a large scale, the breed is undoubtedly inferior. Shorthorns or Ayrshires will yield a much more satisfactory return. Even if it be to produce cheap butter, such butter, for instance, as would enter into competition with the factory-made, artificially-coloured uniform shilling-a-pound stuff sent from Denmark or Brittany, and dear to the heart of the London grocer, there are many cows more suitable for the purpose than Jerseys.

But it has to be kept in mind that there are two great markets for butter in England. One is that of the average customer. He is neither a connoisseur nor a severe critic. What he wants first is an article that he can rely upon, that will be moderate in price, fairly good in quality, attractive in appearance, and every week the same alike in tint and merit. The conditions are fatal to excellence. Only in one way can such a butter be produced in the requisite quantities. It is that followed on the Continent. The buyer goes to market where the dairymen come, each with butter of her own making. He buys for his first quality certain lots that vary from the excellent to the middling, and then he grinds them together to obtain an average Number I. With purchases of a second-grade quality he goes through the same process to make his Number II; and with the markedly inferior sorts he works out Number III. To produce an average best he must sacrifice the absolute best by mingling it with the worst of that batch, viz., the butter which narrowly escaped being reckoned with the inferior quality. The plan serves his purpose. There is nothing the ordinary buyer dislikes more than variation in quality and appearance. Even if the new be better he is just as likely to grumble, since his taste has not been sufficiently educated for him to do more than discover that a change has been made. To meet the custom of the average consumer, therefore, it is wise to obtain a herd of average cows, work the dairy on a co-operative system, and blend the variations into an average. But it is useless to go to the expense of establishing a really first-rate dairy for this purpose. "I have the best butter from my Jerseys," says one who has tried it to the present writer, "but I can

get no more from the distributing medium than butter gets which is only fit to grease a cartwheel with." Readers of Mr. Rider Haggard's pleasant book will remember his complaint that in May the beautiful butter from his red-polls had to be sold for 10d. and 11d. a lb. Yet at the very time of which he wrote a large dairy known to us was obtaining from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 7d. for as much as could be turned out. Nor was it the only one. Many well-known dairies had the same experience. They could not produce an ounce more than could be sold at a profit.

The reason of this is that there is a considerable minority of consumers who will have the very best regardless of cost. But



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.E.

CHERRY.

Copyright

how is this market to be tapped? Those who compose it do not go to the shops, and although it has been proposed to start a great emporium in London for their benefit, the scheme is still in the air. At present they are served by what is called the private supply. In other words, the dairyman works up a list of private customers whom he supplies periodically. No great difficulty is experienced in doing this, provided the butter earn and sustain a reputation for real excellence. Further, the market is a growing one. In the best circles fashion has set against factory-made butter. Complaint is made, and not without reason, that it is often adulterated, treated with colouring matter and preservatives, and injured by the process of grinding alluded to.

No better advice can be offered to those who wish to supply the best butter to the best customers at an enhanced price than to invest in Channel Islands cows, whether Guernseys or Jerseys. At one time they were classed indiscriminately as Alderneys, but under this term were also included small dairy cattle from the adjacent shores of France. The modern fancy for them may be said to date from the Southampton show of 1844, but the Jersey Herd Book was not established till 1880.

As a dairy cow the Jersey has the following points in her

believes in obtaining one or two good heifers every year from the islands.

On the other hand, he counts nothing for beef. If a cow be an indifferent milker, a non-breeder, a premature calver, or be subject to any other serious defect, he promptly gets rid of her, but for those that have served him well there is a paddock and a shelter after their useful days are past. They are his pensioners until they either die a natural death or take some ailment from which it is a merciful release. We do not know that he could do anything better, as the Jersey is of no use to the butcher.

Another point in this connection may be noted. This breed of cow has been specialised so long that it is delicate and liable to disease, against which precautions must be taken. The best are undoubtedly cleanliness and good ventilation. Plenty of cubic space in the cowhouse, abundance of good water, the removal of filth and ill odours, an inlet for air at the top—these are not only essential to health and comfort, but without them it will not be possible to have the best milk, best both in quality and quantity. Moreover, the public who give a high price for the purest English butter are entitled to assume that it comes from a spotless source.

The greatest difficulty to be encountered is that of carrying on during the winter. During that season there comes to England a full supply of fresh butter from the Australasian colonies. It is, of course, summer meadow-fed butter and of very good quality, yet it is sold at a very moderate price.

To compete with it in quality the most careful feeding is required. Turnips and swedes, though they may be used in a milk dairy, affect the taste of butter. Carrots, parsnips, and the insides of cabbages may be used with safety, but mangolds, though they do not hurt the flavour, are bad for colour and quality. Beautiful butter has been produced from a diet of oats, sweet hay, and a little linseed, but it was too expensive to yield a profit on the prices obtainable. Mr. Ernest Mathews and Mr. Richardson Carr recommend the following:

"A very good combination is 2lb. of linseed cake, 2lb. of crushed oats, and 2lb. of bran. In addition to these it will be found necessary to give from 8lb. to 10lb. of



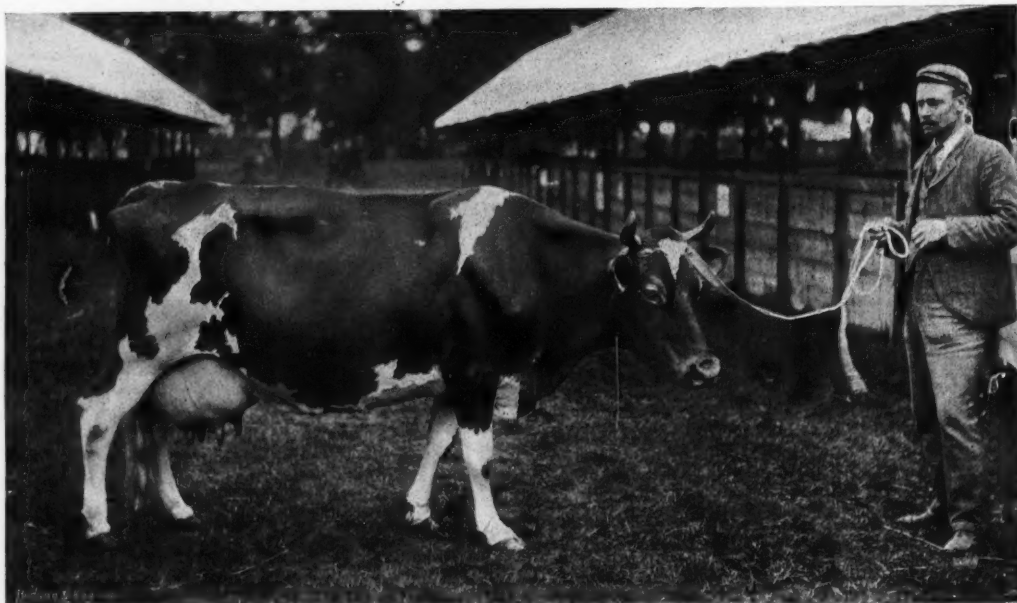
C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

CROWN PRINCE.

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favour. She is of small size, her live weight in the island being only from 800lb. to 850lb., though after being bred for a generation or two on rich English pastures, she is apt to grow bigger and coarser. In Jersey she has for so long been kept for dairy purposes, that her milk veins and udder have been greatly developed at the expense of beef and sinew. Some historians reckon that Guernseys are of the same origin, but that greater bones and limbs have come from the practice—not very long abandoned—of using oxen of this breed for draught and burden. The Jersey comes very early to maturity, and will produce a calf before she is two years old. After that she will go on milking till the end of her time. And her milk is very rich, since 19lb. of it will yield a pound of butter, whereas it takes 28½lb. in Denmark and 29lb. in Brittany. The yield of a good herd is very high. Between September 25th, 1898, and the same date of 1899, at Tring, thirty-seven cows gave a total milk yield of 237,913lb., making an average of 6,430lb. per cow. This would mean about 338lb. of butter. The result agrees with the average of between 330lb. and 350lb. given by Macdonald as the butter produce of a good Jersey. Now, 1s. 4d. per lb. is an extremely moderate price to obtain all the year round for really well-made Jersey butter; it is at least 2d. per lb. less than is received at a large dairy with which we are acquainted, and where most careful accounts are kept, but we prefer to be under rather than over the mark. Well, 340lb. at 1s. 4d. works out at £22 13s. a year. But the expenses, including rent, artificial food, and labour, work out at less than £14 per cow. The owner, it should be said, is a private gentleman with a hobby, but he made his fortune in business and carries his early habits into farming.

After an experience of nearly thirty years he told the writer not long ago that, taking bad with good in his herd of between thirty and forty, each cow paid for herself several times over in butter, and as the animals are all pedigree, the sale of progeny more than recouped him for adding new stock. He



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LADY JANE OF AMPTHILL.

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good oat straw and hay chaff in equal proportions, together with from 6lb. to 8lb. of good meadow hay." These rations may be supplemented to great advantage by growing catch crops for the early spring and late autumn. They consist of vetches, oats, lucerne, and so on. In winter feeding it would never do merely to serve out to each cow a mathematical allowance; the needs of the individual must be taken into account, and her size, weight, and eating habits.

In dealing with Channel Island cows it is customary to take the calf away from its mother immediately after birth, and, of course, where a regular all-the-year supply is needed, careful arrangements must be made as to the time of calving. One need hardly add that calves arriving in autumn require much more careful treatment than those dropped in spring. As the pastures have grown thin in August, it is well to add a little cake or other artificial food to the cow's diet—the timely generosity will be amply repaid in the long run.

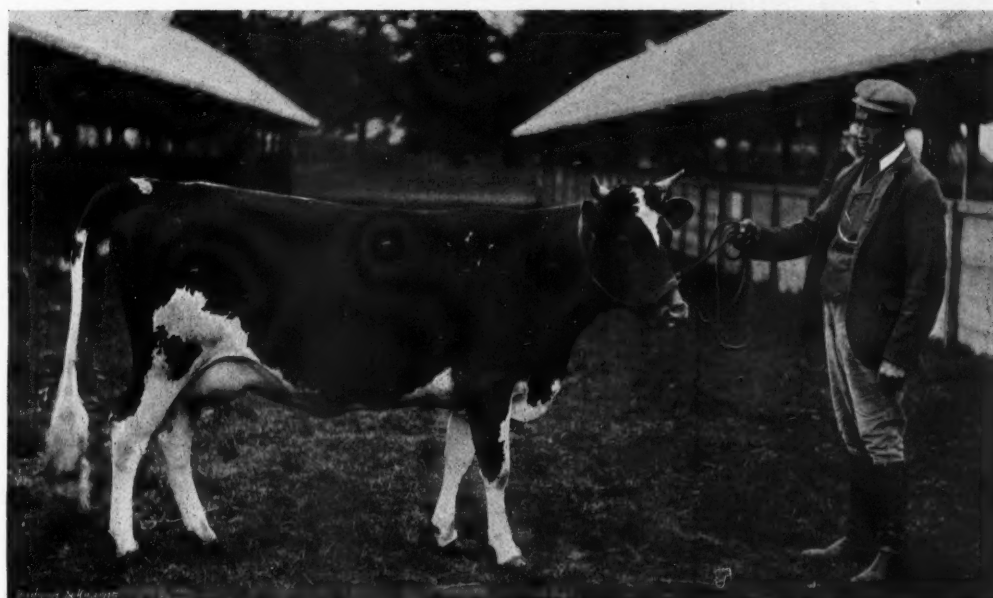
One could not wish to see a finer model of a dairy cow or a more typical Jersey than the subject of our first illustration, Lord Rothschild's CHERRY, who won the first prize at Maidstone last year. She has in very great perfection the chief characteristics of a fine milker. Following her comes CROWN PRINCE, who was also first at Maidstone, where he was exhibited by his owner, Sir James Blyth, Bart. Next we have a typical Guernsey cow, LADY JANE OF AMPHILL, showing the larger, gaunter proportions of this Channel Island variety. She was the best of her class at Maidstone, and won a triumph for her owner, Mr. A. H. Wingfield of Amptill. She is well matched by the bull FROLIC VI., who won companion honours at the same show for Mr. W. A. Glynn of Seagrove, Isle of Wight. Last is placed ANTONA VII., who won the first prize at Maidstone for Guernsey heifers, her owner being Mr. J. C. Foster of Clatford Mills, Andover.



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FROLIC VI.

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ANTONA VII.

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LITERARY NOTES.

THAT a man who hardly ever goes racing and is totally devoid of the gift, rarer than most people suppose, of being able to "read a race," should have read "Royal Ascot" (Longmans), by Messrs. G. J. Cawthorne and Richard Herod, through from cover to cover, saving mere lists of winners, may be counted a strange thing. But it is really perfectly easy and rational to be interested in horse-racing in the abstract, and in the strains of race-horses, without caring two straws about racing in the concrete in the present day. Besides, "Royal Ascot" is much more than a chronicle of doings at Ascot itself. It is really a beautifully illustrated history in brief of the Turf in England; its plates, ancient and modern, are of the highest interest—indeed, many of them are quite worthy to be framed as they stand; its figures of bygone horses, the Godolphin Arabian, Eclipse, Touchstone, Flying Dutchman, Gladiateur, Scottish Chief, Doncaster, Hermit, and Isonomy all stir up many memories. On that score alone the handsome volume is well worth the guinea and a-half which is asked for it; and it comes out opportunely.

But it fascinates also by its quaintness and by the memories which it recalls of facts which many of us, perhaps, had forgotten. Who, for example, remembered, until they were reminded by Mr. Cawthorne and Mr. Herod, that Queen Anne was the real founder of Ascot? Our authors picture her on one of her drives, "and, her sportsmanlike eye at once taking in the natural advantages offered for her favourite sport, giving orders for a course to be prepared, and then announcing her intention of presenting a plate to be run for." Queen Anne's sportsmanlike eye, however, failed to take in the fact which has become abundantly plain since her day—that the beauty of the Ascot course is largely superficial, and that all efforts and unheard-of expenditure have failed to make the turf good there. Ascot, in fact, has succeeded in spite of Dame Nature.

Then our authors have many quaint things to tell us, and many pleasant celebrations to commemorate. Among the latter are the welcome given to the Queen on the Cup Day of 1839; the greater welcome when she drove on to the course with the Prince Consort in 1840, that great day in 1844 when the Czar, the King of Saxony, and Prince Albert drove on to the course together, and that later day when the Prince of Wales, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the book, drove on to the course with his bride and received a tumultuous welcome. Then come quaint stories of Ascot as it was when, in 1820, an organised prize fight took place in front of the betting stand after the races, and when systematic

gambling was a part of the business. "In place of a grand stand stood a row of some thirty to forty towering booths in which were gathered the flower of English nobility, beauties of the first distinction, and the most celebrated personages in the kingdom, together with the pickpockets, sporting blacklegs, and well-known 'sharks' that added a spice of risk and adventure to the proceedings." Enough has been said to show that this is a book of uncommon interest, and yet, even now, I have omitted to mention the excellent series of portraits of the makers of Ascot.

This seems to be an unlucky season for publishers in the way of actions for libel, not founded on anything appearing in any newspaper, but on passages in books and even in novels. One such case was mentioned a short time since. Now I see that Mr. Grant Richards has been compelled to withdraw "Charlotte Leyland," by Miss M. Bowles, on the ground that "one of the characters is so drawn as to constitute a libel against a lady well known in London Society." It is sad but true that this kind of announcement stirs the curiosity, but one can easily see how such a character might be drawn libellously. Take enough truth to identify the "lady well known in London Society" thoroughly, spice with falsehood, and the result is libel. Still it would require a good deal of moral courage to bring the action.

"Khaki in South Africa," of which the second number lies before me, is one of the best books on the war which Messrs. Newnes, Limited, have undertaken. It is an album of portraits and scenes, and it is particularly pleasing in two respects—that is to say, it compels one to realise how complete were the entrenchments of the Boers, and how splendid was the mirthful spirit of our men, even under the most trying circumstances.

Bramwell Brontë's chair is for sale for £100, and "C. K. S." in the *Sphere* cannot for the life of him imagine why anybody should offer such a sum for the chair in which the Brontës' "very worthless brother was so frequently in his cups." Nor, of course, can I, but it will not in the least surprise me if somebody does give the money.

"He is a terrible fellow, the average man, but there are a great many of him, and it is worth while trying to find out his secret, if he has one." So speaks Mr. W. D. Howells of the average novel reader, and goes on to say that his heart sinks when he sees people reading the nine hundred and ninety-ninth thousand of the latest historical romance. "But I do not lose my faith that,

when some great novelist divines how to report human nature as truly as such romances report it falsely, people will read him too in the nine hundred and ninety-ninth thousand. I do not say that they will think his novel greater than those romances; probably they will not. . . . But, happily, that is not the artist's affair in either art; his affair is to do a beautiful and true thing so simply and directly that the average man will not miss the meaning and the pleasure of it." My heart, on the other hand, sinks when a man of Mr. Hoare's eminence and culture adopts this supercilious tone, because, in the first place, it is wrong, and when the public will have none of "art for art's sake" it is generally because the art is wanting in substance; and I, secondly, because the small fry are sure to copy.

That an official possessed of thirty years' experience and of the highest place should condescend to write, on the basis of that experience, hints on the conduct of business to those who may have a similar career in the Civil Service is strange; it is also an unimixed blessing. Yet this is what Sir Courtenay Boyle has done in "Hints on the Conduct of Business" (Macmillan), a book which may be recommended without reserve to all persons intending to become private secretaries or hoping to enter into the Civil Service. It would also be an undiluted boon if ordinary persons, and especially those who enter into communication with newspaper offices, would attend to some of the apparently simple directions given upon opening and closing and signing letters. Sir Courtenay points out, for example, that the signature Mary Robinson may

mean Lady Robinson, Lady John Robinson, Lady Mary Robinson, the Honble. Mrs. Robinson, the Honble. Miss Robinson, the Honble. Mary Robinson, Mrs. or Miss Robinson. I confess that, but for the authority of Sir Courtenay Boyle, I should have doubted the admissibility of the "Honble. Mrs."; but I am content to accept the authority. It is, of course, worse when a lady uses initials merely, and it constantly happens that letters so signed by ladies give a great deal of trouble. The notes on indexing and copying are as good as those which impress the necessity of minor precautions, and there are some amusing little anecdotes.

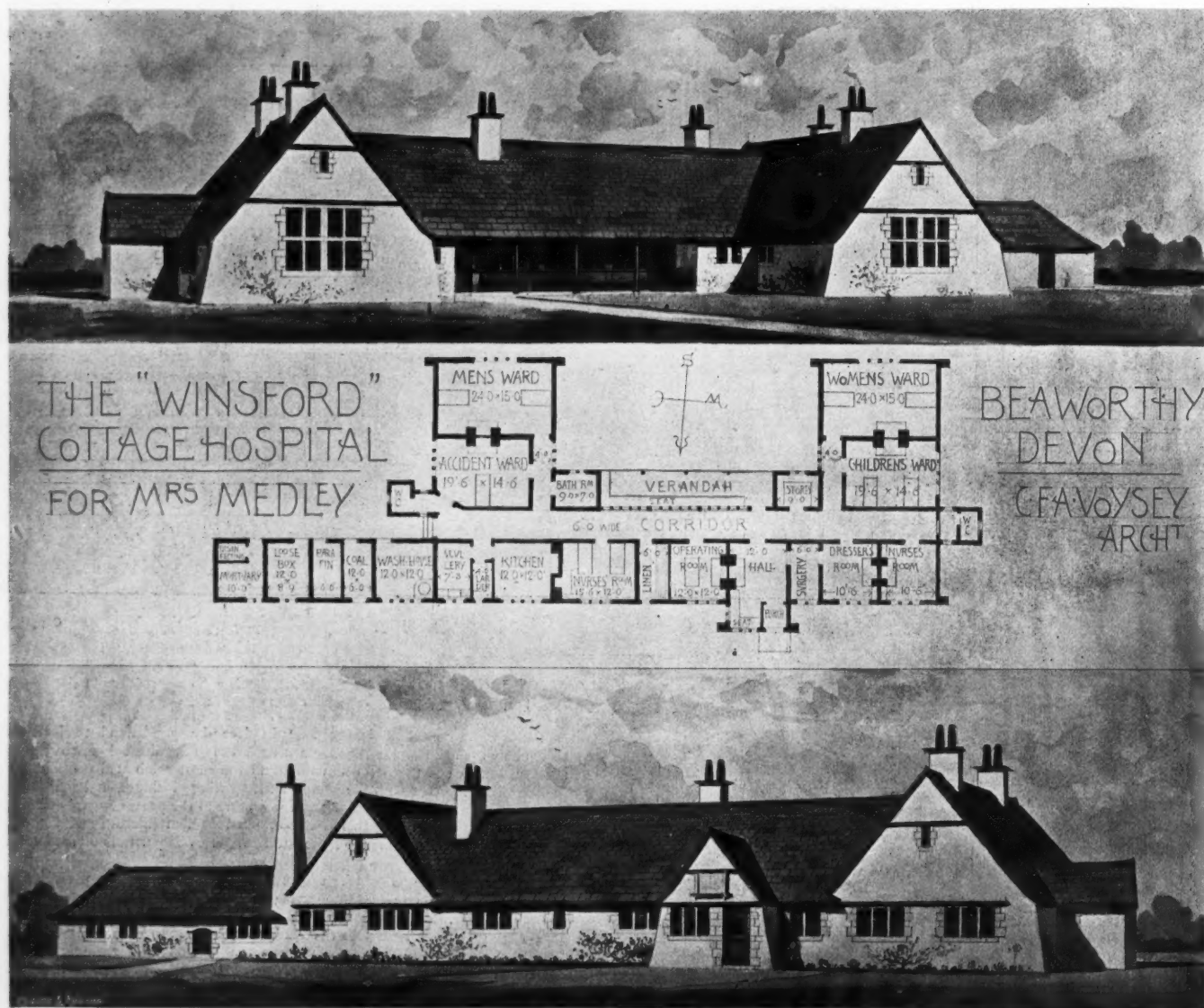
Quite the neatest thing for the traveller that I have seen for some time is the pocket dictionary, "Spanish-English and English-Spanish," by Mr. F. G. Barwick, published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. It takes little more room than a match-box, is very strongly bound, and a dictionary is more wanted for Spain, in all probability, than for any other country in Europe.

Books to order from the library:

- "Paris." Hilaire Belloc. (Arnold.)
- "Talks with Old English Cricketers." A. W. Pullin. (Blackwood.)
- "The Sportsman in India." Isabel Savory. (Hutchinson.)
- "General John Jacob." A. Innes Shand. (Seeley.)
- "Hearts Importunate." Evelyn Dickinson. (Heinemann.)
- "The Tiger's Claw." G. B. Burgin. (Pearson.)

LOOKER-ON.

A COTTAGE HOSPITAL.



WE are deeply indebted both to Mr. Voysey, the architect, and Mrs. George Webb Medley, the founder, for permission to reproduce the very complete and thoughtfully-designed cottage hospital which that lady is erecting in memory of her husband; and our obligation is made the greater in that the particulars given enable us to state the materials of which the hospital is being constructed, and the cost which is being incurred in its erection. There may be many others, and it is to be hoped that there are such, who would like to build similar hospitals in their own neighbourhoods, and to them it will be a practical advantage to know that this hospital, of which they see the plans and dimensions before their eyes, is being erected at Beaworthy, in the county of Devon, from Mr. Voysey's plans, by Mr. M. White of that place, at a contract price of £2,215.5s. Very few words are necessary to explain the design, of which it may be said, with more truth and

significance than usual, that it speaks for itself. In fact, apart from the observations which it occurs to us to make with regard to internal arrangements, there is very little for us to do save to state the materials used, and to paint in words the colouring which cannot be shown in black and white illustrations. The walls are of brick, rough cast, and, we fancy, whitewashed. The dressings are of local stone of a yellowish colour, the windows are iron casements with lead glazing, the roof is of Delabole slate (which is a green slate), and the hips and ridges are of imperishable lead also. The paint of doors and of gutters—or "landers," as they sometimes call them in the West Country and in Wales—is green, and there is a strip of border along the front wall which may be gay with flowers. The internal arrangement strikes us as being excellently thought out. On entering the visitor finds himself in a sufficiently spacious hall, with a seat for patients, on the right of which are the surgery and the dresser's

room, communicating with one another, and having an exit into the long corridor. Beyond is the nurses' room, opening directly into the corridor, and having no direct communication with the dresser's room. On the left of the hall are—first, the operating room, fairly spacious; then a nurse's room, kitchen, and all sorts of offices and storehouses, ending with a loose box, entered from the outside only, and a mortuary with disinfecting room attached, the former having an entrance from without and from within. This great long corridor, 6ft. wide and running from end to end of the building, is the dominant feature, the watershed, so to speak, of the whole; it divides the patients from the rest of the world, and the two wings behind, the sunny half-quadrangle facing nearly south, with its verandah and its seats, where the heat of the sun may be escaped, are their true domain. One wing is appropriated to men and another to women, an accident ward of large size, rendered necessary, perhaps, by the character of some neighbouring industry, being carved out of the men's wing, and a children's ward out of the women's wing. Specially commendable is the fact that there are clearly no stairs, an advantage which can be secured only where abundant ground space is readily available.

AT THE THEATRE.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S return to the Lyceum was marked by all the old hearty enthusiasm, and there was even a warmer note than usual in the welcome, if that were possible. In presenting "Olivia," Sir Henry has done a wise thing. Dr. Primrose is one of his most delightful creations, and the play is so tenderly pathetic that it never grows old, in spite of its old-fashioned methods.

Sir Henry played the part of Dr. Primrose, it seemed, with an added tenderness and charm. Nothing more pathetic and dignified than his picture of the Vicar has been seen upon the stage. Miss Ellen Terry, as Olivia, seems to have lost the old sprightly girliness and dramatic "grip." Miss Dorothea Baird, made a charming Sophia, Mr. Fred Terry only a passable Squire Thornhill, but all the other characters are delightfully played, and the staging of the piece is extremely pretty.

THE return to headquarters of Sir Henry Irving has been, of course, the chief event of theatrical importance of recent days, and interest in the future movements of Sir Henry, Miss Ellen Terry, and his company is necessarily keen. After their appearance at the Lyceum in "Olivia," and, probably, another revival, they will go on tour with "Robespierre" and other pieces from the repertoire, in the English provinces. They return again to London in April next with a new play, in all likelihood the one based on the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, by Mr. W. L. Courtney, of which we heard a good deal some time ago. Then will follow another visit to the United States, and another home-coming in the autumn of 1901.

Miss Winifred Arthur Jones said to her father, the distinguished dramatist, "I am going on the stage." The distinguished dramatist came rapidly to the conclusion that there was nothing more to be said on the matter, and bowed his head to the inevitable. Now he is not so sorry as he was, for Miss Winifred Arthur Jones has displayed a real aptitude for the stage, and there is every sign that, with experience, she will one day be able to play the heroine in London in one of her father's plays. She has already done so in the country with much success, for Mr. Jones, finding that nothing would alter her determination to become an actress, saw to it that her early steps should be among the roses. He himself equipped a company and sent it on tour, with Miss Jones as the leading figure in it. "The Dancing Girl" was the piece he chose, and as Drusilla Ives the young actress began her career, with Juliet, in the balcony scene, as a *bonne bouche* at the end of each performance. So pleased was Mr. Jones with her playing of the part that her appearance in town can only be a matter of a little time.

Mr. Tree has not yet made up his mind regarding his great autumn production, but he will have to do so in a very short time, for a prepara-

tion of several months is necessary when things are done on the big scale of Her Majesty's. As we know, Mr. Tree has in his mind's eye the play he secured a little while ago, based on incidents, real and fictitious, in the life of the wonderful Benvenuto Cellini, in which, of course, would be included the episode of the burning of masterpieces in order to provide the indispensable fuel for the furnace in which was being cast the greatest masterpiece of all. In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Middleman," occurred something very similar, when Cyrus Blenkarn broke up chairs and tables in order to prevent the fires cooling from the necessary degree to perfect his latest invention in the matter of pottery. But the incident, the historical incident, in the career of Cellini is even more powerful, for the sculptor and engraver, to retain the proper temperature, destroys not mere furniture, but *chefs d'œuvre*, so that the casting of the precious metal in the ovens shall not be jeopardised. But one would not be surprised if this play were postponed in favour of another great Shakespearean revival—it would be impolitic to be more definite just at present.

Mr. Alexander, like Mr. Tree, will not play in the provinces this year. He will take a summer holiday and reopen the St. James's Theatre on September 1st with Mr. Sydney Grundy's new modern play, "The Debt of Honour," a comedy of a serious kind. "Paolo and Francesca" does not seem as yet to have entered into the realms of practical politics, anxious as are the lovers of the poetic drama to see the production of Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, which has been heralded in advance as a masterpiece. But Mr. Alexander might—we do not say he does—argue very cogently that the lovers of the serious poetic drama form a very small majority of the body of playgoers, and that regretfully he has to conduct his theatre as a commercial enterprise. However, no doubt we shall be afforded the opportunity of seeing "Paolo and Francesca" in the manager's own good time, and till then we must possess our souls in patience.

Before Messrs. Harrison and Maude return to their own home—the Haymarket—in the late autumn, there and then to present Mr. J. M. Barrie's new comedy, to which we are looking forward with the extreme interest attaching to all the work of one of the most distinguished writers of our generation for the library and the stage—before they return, after their tour with old English comedy, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Mollison will occupy the house



Photo. Lallie Charles,

MISS WINIFRED ARTHUR JONES.

Titchfield Road, N.W.

with Mr. Paul Kester's play, founded on the life of Mistress Nell Gwynne, the appearance of Miss Neilson as the heroine of which will be one of the few important theatrical fixtures of the summer months.

Mr. Charles Wyndham, who will revive "The Liars" for the remainder of the season at Wyndham's Theatre, will produce in the autumn a new comedy from the pen of the same author, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Mr. Jones will be well represented after a prolonged rest, for at the Duke of York's Theatre Mr. Charles Frohman will also produce a comedy written by him, with Miss Evelyn Millard, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and Mr. Herbert Waring in the chief characters.

A very interesting announcement has been made, that the next new opera—which will probably be preceded by a revival—at the Savoy will be on an Irish subject. One hopes sincerely that the librettist, Captain Basil Hood, will not change his mind, for not only should mediæval Ireland inspire Sir Arthur Sullivan to especially brilliant efforts—no environment, no people could be more romantic—but a work set in such a locality would be a distinct novelty for the principal home of English light opera, and would allow a deeper vein of sentiment—without any neglect of humour—than has been the rule there. We believe that Captain Hood has founded his plot on an old Irish legend, which, however, has done no more than provide him with an initial idea.

"San Toy," at Daly's, and "The Messenger Boy," at the Gaiety, will run through the year, unless present anticipations are woefully disappointed. Meanwhile, the mind of Mr. George Edwards is, as usual, filled with the most far-reaching of schemes. Should the uncertainty of the law cause him to lose his action in the Court of Appeal in connection with Daly's Theatre, he would complete negotiations now in progress with the Messrs. Gatti, by which he would secure the old Adelphi on lease for a long term, and abolish its name—which smacks too greatly of that style of melodrama which is now out of date on this side of the river—choosing in its stead, perhaps, the title of Edwards's Theatre, in order to familiarise the public with his "change of address," where he would hope to receive a continuance of that patronage so liberally bestowed on him in the past, etc., razing the interior to the ground and erecting within its outer walls a spacious modern playhouse, "replete with every comfort and convenience." Mr. Edwards says he will in all likelihood make this change should he be able to complete arrangements with the Messrs. Gatti, even though he should win his Daly action at law.

"Lady Huntworth's Experiment" at the Criterion will probably run through the early summer, close for a vacation, and resume experimentalising in the autumn.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh, 'cutest of dramatists, is now hard at work on his autumn drama at Drury Lane. You may take it from the "present scribe" that, contrary perhaps to general anticipations, based on Old Drury's record as the mirror of its time, the new play will show us no single scene of battle, nor a glimpse of the Transvaal or Orange River Colony—no, nor even Cape Colony or Natal—but will afford a pleasant contrast to all the storm and stress of the real drama going on around us, by being of a rustic, rural nature, though full of the most tremendous excitements and realistic effects. PHŒBUS.



DID we see a rehearsal for the Champion Cup at Hurlingham last Saturday? Something like it, no doubt, for under whatever name it appeared on the final programme, no doubt Mr. John Watson's Hurlingham team of Saturday, June 16th, will be seen in the Champion Cup, and probably will be in the final. There will be no regimental team in the Champion Cup this year, of course. The soldier players are still wanting to us, and one effect of the war is to make this a far more open contest than usual, and to render it almost a certainty that the trophy will change hands. Rugby have two teams in the field, a fact which speaks rather for the strength of the club in playing members than for their chance of victory. The remaining teams are the Old Cantabs, Students, Fulham Rovers, and the team which on Saturday was captained by Mr. Watson. If it should be found, as is not unlikely, that these two teams are in the final on Saturday, visitors to Hurlingham may expect a good game. Owners of ponies will not forget that the Hurlingham Show will be on June 30th, and will be followed by the second International Pony Show, at the Crystal Palace, on July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Of these three days, polo ponies on the active list will occupy the Wednesday, for Major Herbert knows well that their owners are not likely to spare them for more than one day. There are also classes for brood mares and young stock. Following so closely on the "Royal" and Hurlingham, and with Richmond no longer giving classes for ponies, the Crystal Palace management deserve the support of exhibitors of polo ponies. It is no doubt true that last Saturday's match was intended as a practice game for the Champion Cup. None the less was it a very fine exhibition of first-class polo. So the members of the senior club seemed to think, for there was a large and brilliant crowd, and a good show of Ascot frocks. Among the spectators were Lord Harrington, Mr. Buckmaster, Mr. Rowland Beech, who is recovering from the effects of his polo accident, Major R. Hoare, Mr. R. Ward, Sir Walter Smythe, etc. The ground was a little slow and bumpy after the rain, and some of the players were riding strange ponies. Mr. Rawlinson himself told me that he was trying ponies for the Champion Cup. Mr. L. McCreery was riding a grey which I have not seen before. Presumably it is an American, but it has apparently a lot of Eastern blood. This pony is obviously fast, and can turn and twist well. The sides were very well chosen, The Foxhunters, who played at Paris, being Mr. Buckmaster, Mr. Mackey, Mr. F. Freake, and Mr. L. McCreery; Hurlingham, Mr. Rawlinson, Captain Beresford (7th Hussar team), Mr. Foxhall Keene, and Mr. John Watson. The umpire was Mr. T. B. Drybrough. He never had occasion to blow his whistle throughout the game. It was a galloping game for about four periods, after which the pace slackened off. The main feature of the match was Mr. Watson's fine defence. It is worth the while of any would-be back players to watch the accuracy with which this veteran player places the ball. When I played in his company some twenty years back, he hit harder no doubt, but not more certainly or with better control than he does to-day. Next to Mr. Watson came Mr. Mackey, who is an extraordinary instance of what keenness, perseverance, and good ponies will achieve. The American

player was not young, and was not nearly a first-class player, when he appeared on English polo grounds. It can only be said of his play on Saturday that it was brilliant. A little more control of the ball in fast runs is all that is needed now. Directly Mr. Drybrough threw in the ball the Foxhunters were away to the pavilion, where Mr. John Watson stopped it, and, passing it on to Mr. Rawlinson, the first goal was scored. From this point onwards to the close of the period Hurlingham always had the better of the struggle, and but for the ball flying off a pony would certainly have scored again. In so quick a game it is difficult to be sure, but I think they had one or two more chances at the goal. At all events, no further score was made. However, in the second ten minutes Hurlingham made a very brilliant goal, running the ball into the left-hand corner near the chestnuts. Mr. Rawlinson, who was riding a dark chestnut, plain but fast—on which, be it noted, he had never ridden before—made a goal in three notable strokes; the first, a shade too hard, almost drove the ball out, but Mr. Rawlinson caught it almost on the line, and hit a beautiful near-side forward stroke to the goal. Here Mr. L. McCreery had a chance to save, but missed, and Mr. Rawlinson's third stroke, this time a back-hander, sent the ball through. With such players a lead of two goals before the end of the first twenty looked serious, for goals take much making with a defence like that of Mr. Watson. Yet it is never safe to count a side as beaten which has Mr. Buckmaster. He is always cool, keeps his head, and plays a losing game as well as any player of our time.

At polo the chance always comes to him who waits (in the right place). The attack for the Foxhunters was begun by a very resolute run, and eventually Mr. Buckmaster, who, by the way, was No. 1 of his team, came out with the ball by the coach enclosure. He hit it once, and the ball still travelling, he struck it again with consummate skill just as it reached the very spot for a long shot at goal. So he scored in brilliant fashion. It should be added that he had had a fall early in the game.

The third ten was marked by no score, but keen observers noticed that the Foxhunters had the better of the game on the whole. Mr. Mackey made one brilliant run, his dark bay with the white off heel absolutely outpacing the others. Nothing, however, came of it, and it was not till the fourth ten that the Foxhunters made the score even. Mr. Mackey hit the goal with a very neat stroke right under the pony and at right angles to his line. It would be difficult to say how the Foxhunters got the ball within reach of the goal in the next few minutes, but they did so, and again Mr. Mackey hit a good goal. This made the Foxhunters one to the good, an advantage they retained to the end of the game, winning the match.

Ascot week is, of course, not a great week for polo and there is no other London match that need detain us. A very good game, however, was played by the new Blackmore Vale Polo Club against Cirencester, on the ground of the former club, near Sherborne. The Blackmore Vale team were Mr. Boden, Mr. T. Hargreaves (M.F.H.), Mr. H. Lamb, and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake. Cirencester had Messrs. Hastings, Adamthwaite, C. Gouldsmith, and T. Farmer. It was a very even game, and naturally, with such players, a fair galloping one. Each side attacked and defended their goal in turn, so that the spectators were kept at a high pitch of excitement all through; the scoring, too, was very even, and it was only in the last few minutes of play that the Blackmore Vale scored the winning goal; 6 to 5 was the final score. The B.V.H. owed a good deal to the fine hard hitting of their new M.F.H., Mr. Hargreaves.

Now I must turn to the current items of polo news. We have to deplore the deaths of two fine players and enthusiastic followers of the game—Lord Airlie and Captain Ellison. Thus the 10th Hussars and 9th Lancers have each lost a man of note in the worlds of soldiering and polo. Lord Airlie, who was actually killed on the field of battle leading a charge, was in command of the 12th Lancers, but his career was closely connected with the 10th. No man will be more regretted. Of late years he had not often been seen on a polo ground, as he found his military duties too absorbing, but he is well known to have loved the game. Captain Ellison was another of the many men who have combined soldiering and polo to the benefit of both. He was on the staff at Aldershot latterly. Mr. Cavendish (son of Lord Chesham), of the 10th Hussars, is another keen sportsman, and Major Lionel Fortescue, so well known in Devonshire, used, I know, to play polo in India, as I well remember selling him a favourite pony many years ago. He was also a keen fisherman, and the following story, told me by a friend who was fishing with him, is as true as it is characteristic of one of the kindest-hearted and most courteous of men. A man who had no sort of right was fishing a pool on a salmon water of Major Fortescue's. The major came to look. "They tell me," said the stranger, "this stretch is Major Fortescue's, what should you do?" "Fish it to the end," was the prompt reply.

Next Saturday (to-morrow), the choice for polo people will be between the final of the Novices' Cup at Ranelagh, with a horse show thrown in, and the Champion Cup final at Hurlingham. The latter might well be the match of the season. The autumn sales of polo ponies will soon be with us. Mr. Former, the Cirencester player and a frequent exhibitor in pony classes is sending up a batch on July 2nd to Tattersall's. The semi-final and final of the County Cup are fixed for July 4th and 7th. X.

The Prince of Wales at York.

THE house in which the Prince of Wales resided during his stay in the city from which his son takes his title is of remarkable antiquity. It is, indeed, to quote an elegant pamphlet which has reached us, one of the few which exhibits architecture from the time of the Romans through the eleventh, twelfth, and fifteenth centuries down to the time of George III. It forms a kind of history in stone of the development of architectural taste in England during many centuries. Of that history in the ordinary course much had been concealed; leaves in it had been turned down and pasted together. For example, the base mullion windows put up either by the Treasurer or by Archbishop Holgate in the time of Henry VIII. had been bricked up; the Jacobean carving in the frieze of the banqueting hall had been covered with panelling; the Jacobean tapestry had absolutely been screened from view by wall-paper. So, clearly, this was a house into which it was necessary to introduce a



W. Ellis.

THE TREASURER'S HOUSE, YORK.

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restorer, and in relation to which it was imperative that the restorer—too apt on occasion to be a destroyer—should show the best of taste. In these circumstances, it is a pleasure to be able to record that Mr. Temple Moore, who was the architect in the restoration, and Mr. Davenport, Mr. Bodley, Mr. Garner, and Mr. Gilbert Scott, all of whom had much to say in the matter of decoration, have done their work in perfect taste, and have taken some of their best ideas from Knoll and Hardwick.

Nobody really knows at what date a building was first planted upon the site of that which is now the Treasurer's House. Recent excavations have shown that when Thomas of York was appointed by the Conqueror in 1070, and when Radulphus, who succeeded him and became Treasurer, began to build, they were working on the site of a far older building. These excavations have disclosed classic columns, and it is supposed that these, in all probability, form part of the great Imperial Palace, which is known to have stood between Aldwark and Minster. All York having been destroyed by fire in 1137, the Treasurer, John Le Roman, is credited with having rebuilt the house in more or less of its present form. Into its many vicissitudes, its sales and resales, we have not space to enter, but we cannot pass away from it without noting one romantic incident in its history. It was in Cromwell's time that Mr. Ayslabby, the ancestor of the Robinson family, now represented by the Marquis of Ripon, refused to admit Miss Mallory into the Treasurer's House. The lady had been to a ball, given by the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Ayslabby had sent his carriage to fetch her. The coachman had missed her, and Sir Jonathan Jennings, her relative, when he escorted her to the Treasurer's House, found that she was locked out. He took her to the house of a relative of his, where—so far as can be seen—she passed the night in safety and comfort. Nevertheless, on the next morning, Sir Jonathan Jennings rated Mr. Ayslabby, who challenged him to a duel, in which Sir Jonathan chose rapiers, was victorious, and Mr. Ayslabby was killed. So stated, the reason for Mr. Ayslabby's death appears to have been hardly adequate, and we suspect that there was more in the story than meets the eye.

The Prince of Wales's visit is not by a long way the first

Royal visit which has been paid to this ancient house, and there was once a terrible visit paid by a Duke of York. For, in the time of the son of the unfortunate Mr. Ayslabby, who paid with his life for refusing to open his door to a girl who had stayed too late at a ball, James, Duke of York and the Duchess of York were entertained there, and then it was thought that the Mayor and Corporation of York had paid insufficient respect to their Royal Highnesses; and all the ancient privileges and charters of the city were taken away in consequence of this act of *lèse majesté*; nor were they restored for many years afterwards. We may at least be certain that nothing of that kind will happen, and it gives us much pleasure to show by our pictures how splendid and interesting from every point of view is the building which the Prince of Wales has occupied.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DOVECOTES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with interest your article in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE on dovecotes, as I am desirous of erecting one in wood (capable of holding about six pairs of doves) in an orchard at the end of a pergola, so it must be ornamental. I should be grateful for advice as to pattern and size which would be suitable for such a position.—ENQUIRER.

[We should not recommend affixing the dovecote to the pergola, and our correspondent probably does not suggest that. But, oddly enough, we know a very pretty dovecote in an orchard. It is cylindrical in form, with a gable roof and wide sills to each storey. It is raised on a pole, a tree trunk with the bark left on, about 15ft., and a Crimson Rambler, which never does well except on a tree trunk, climbs up the pole. It had the further merit of costing very little, for the nucleus of it was a paraffin barrel, price 3s. 6d., and the two stories of nests, the sills in front of the entrances, and the gabled roof were put in by the village carpenter.—ED.]

AN INDIAN BISON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Herewith I enclose a photograph of a gaur, or Indian bison, which I shot last week at the foot of the Nigiri Hills. Unfortunately there is nothing in the photograph to show the size of the animal, which was taller and larger than any cart-horse in England. I took another photograph with my shikari perched



on the beast, but unluckily the plate got smashed, or this would have afforded some guide to the huge size of a gaur bull. However, the markings and shape of India's wild bull are fairly well shown, which may interest some of your readers.—ANGUS M. KINLOCH.

A ROOK'S BREAKFAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was sitting in my house a few days ago, when I noticed a rook alight on a weeping ash, near which in a hedge was a call-duck's nest. After a second or two the bird flew down, and took an egg from the nest in her beak and flew away with it about 40 yds., when I shot, and frightened her away. On going to the place where she took the egg, I found it with one end about a third broken clean off, standing erect in the long grass. I do not know if this is worth recording in COUNTRY LIFE, but send it you for what it is worth.—THOMAS MAY.

A TROUT-EATING SNAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it was about a year ago that I wrote you a short account of a singular occurrence seen by a party of golfers on the Ashdown Forest golf course—a snake capturing a trout. The very same thing has been witnessed yet again this year, within the last few days, almost at the same spot—perhaps a hundred or two yards higher up the stream, locally known as the Quay Brook, which is the boundary between the parishes of Forest Row and Hartfield. The snake on both occasions was an ordinary grass snake, about 1½ ft., or may be a little more, in length. The trout was quite a small one. On the former occasion the trout jumped out of the brook to the bank; the snake, which had been swimming after it in the stream, came out of the water in pursuit; then the trout wriggled back into the water, and as the snake was again going after it, one of the golfing party struck at the snake and killed it. On the last occasion the snake had hold of the trout in the water, and when the golfers "went for" it it made a dash or two up and down the small pool, still with the little fish in its mouth. At length it seemed frightened, dropped its prey, which, after a moment of recovery, swam away, apparently none the worse, and eventually the snake made its way down a hole in the bank where there was no following it. I need hardly say that I should not have the courage to tell this story if there were not plenty of evidence to support it; but it would seem as if it were quite a common thing in this stream for the snakes to prey on the fish.—H.

MOSS ON WOODLAND PATHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers kindly tell me of any, or of the best, means of encouraging a growth of moss on paths running under trees. The soil is of medium weight and richness, and moss seems disposed to grow in it; but I wish to make it spread. Can one do any good by sowing?—F. G.

[There is not much to be done in the way of sowing or planting. If the paths are beneath trees and well shaded the moss will continue to spread, and by far the best means of helping it to do so is to keep the paths well swept of leaves. This is important, not only to encourage the growth of new moss, but also to keep fresh and green the moss on the paths already overgrown.—ED.]

A COMPARATIVELY NEW ENEMY TO THE PEAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps most of us will agree in saying that a pear of a good kind in its best condition is one of the finest English fruits. I have known friends of mine who maintained that the pear in its prime state has no equal. I cannot quite say that, but there is no question that it is one of the very best, especially for those who have no glasshouses at their command. During the last few years a most insidious and rapidly increasing enemy to the pear has been introduced into England, and I greatly fear it has come to stay. It is the pear midge (*Diplosis pyrivora*). It does not appear to have been noticed until 1883, but there is little doubt that it has since then become much more prevalent. Two years ago some infested pears were sent to me with a note asking me to say what they were; the note further said it was believed there was not a sound fruit on the tree. The fruits were about the size of a large marble, distorted in shape, and on cutting one open nothing but a thick rind remained, and some ten

or a dozen maggots. A full account of this most destructive pest can be found in Miss Ormerod's valuable book on garden pests. I quickly consigned the little parcel to the fire. On further enquiry I found that nearly all the pear trees in that garden were attacked. It is situated about five miles from my house, and I hoped the distance would keep me safe, but last year, in thinning an enormous crop of Marie Louise d'Ucele, I came across a deformed, bloated-looking pear, and on cutting it through found several worms clustering round the core, which was black. This made me examine closely, and it also made me stop thinning. I found as days rolled on some hundreds of these pears all inhabited. Miss Ormerod gives this account: "The fly, which looks a very flimsy small gnat, and which so far I have not seen, is provided with an ovipositor capable of piercing the petals of the pear just as it opens; the eggs are then laid on the petal, and in three or four days hatch, and the little wretches make their way down the pistil to the heart of the flower. The stricken fruit will perhaps appear in advance of and larger than its fellows, but the green has often a jaundiced colour paler than its neighbours, and probably somewhat blackened here and there—a still more advanced condition. The diseased fruit, moreover, is not so shapely as its fellows; it bulges here and there, the enlargement of the portion furthest from the stem being very marked. When the little maggots have pretty nearly completed the destruction, only the skin of the pear may remain, the pear probably drops to the ground, or they make their way through the skin, drop to the ground, there to burrow and become chrysalides. A careful looking over of small trees or those against the walls will detect many diseased fruit, and if these be cut open the black condition of the core will mark the disease, even if the worms have escaped. When pears set abundantly, every gardener knows that numbers will drop off if not thinned, and their hold to the bunch is so frail that a touch generally brings them down." Now it is a very curious thing that this year, though I have cut off diseased pears firmly attached by their stalks, finding the insects on sections, I do not think out of the many that fell on touching I have found one with maggots therein, as if the midge knew which would grow on. Of course, something may be done now by careful watching and removal, and burning of fruit that is attacked, and it is wise to have all the fallings picked up and burnt at once. A friend some miles away, badly attacked two years ago, last year cut off his whole crop and burnt them, but whether he has stayed the plague I have not heard. I have more attacked fruits this year than last, although I have used kainit freely as a dressing to the ground and to many of the trees. I removed about an inch of surface soil, burning that. Seeing the number of

grubs, from ten to twenty in each pear, either the mother midge must be a wonderful furnisher of eggs, or these insects must be decidedly common. Either supposition is unfavourable to the pear, for there is no question that it is a scourge; at the same time, I am disposed to think that they favour wall trees rather than standards, as I have only found three cases of disease on trees not against the wall so far. If this be the case, it may suggest a reason why the parent fly is so invisible to the ordinary observer.—Y. B. A. Z.

SEMI-DETACHED BIRDS' NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a semi-detached nest—inhabited by a robin and a blackbird—taken out of a holly-hedge 3 yds. from our dining-room window. The blackbird's nest contained three eggs and the robin's two, and both were on their respective nests at the same time. Owing to the darkness of the hedge I was obliged to take the nest out as it stood, to enable it to be photographed. I think this may be interesting to some of your readers.—HENRY E. FOWLER.

AN INTERESTING PAIR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing in your valuable paper the invitation to constant readers to forward any photographs of special pets, I venture to enclose for your approval one of two little dogs, the property of Miss Wakefield, the well-known singer and composer. The Aberdeen is the Absent-minded Beggar (famously known as Beggar), so called from being presented to Miss Wakefield at the *Daily Mail* A.-M.B. Sale. The Balmoral Skye is called Witch, and wears a silver heart, the gift of Miss Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, in whose works the pen portraits of dogs have so prominent a position.—STELLA L. HAMILTON.

